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1907
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Compliments of Dr. H. C. McCook
EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL MEETING

AND

BANQUET

OF THE

**PENNSYLVANIA
SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY**

AT

THE BELLEVUE-STRATFORD, PHILADELPHIA

FEBRUARY 28th, 1907

PHILADELPHIA
PRESS OF ALLEN, LANE & SCOTT
Nos. 1211-1213 Clover Street
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OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT,

REV. MARCUS A. BROWNSON, D.D.

FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT,

HON. HARMAN YERKES.

SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT,

HON. EDWIN S. STUART.

SECRETARY AND TREASURER,

MR. CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN.

DIRECTORS AND MEMBERS OF COUNCIL:

MR. T. ELLIOTT PATTERSON,	MR. JAMES POLLOCK,
MR. SAMUEL F. HOUSTON,	HON. JOHN STEWART,
HON. A. K. MCCLURE,	MR. BAYARD HENRY,
REV. HENRY C. McCOOK, D.D.,	REV. J. D. MOFFAT, D.D.,
HON. EDWIN S. STUART,	MR. JOHN P. GREEN,
MR. WILLIAM RIGHTER FISHER,	MR. ROBERT PITCAIRN,
MR. WILLIAM J. LATTA,	MR. M. C. KENNEDY,
COL. JOHN CASSELS,	MR. ROBERT SNODGRASS,
HON. W. W. PORTER,	HON. JOHN B. MCPHERSON,
MR. C. STUART PATTERSON,	HON. NATHANIEL EWING.

COMMITTEES.

ON NEW MEMBERS:

HON. HARMAN YERKES, <i>Chairman,</i>	MR. WILLIAM RIGHTER FISHER,
MR. BAYARD HENRY,	MR. CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN.

FINANCE:

THE OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.

ENTERTAINMENTS:

HON. EDWIN S. STUART, <i>Chairman,</i>	MR. ROBERT SNODGRASS,
MR. WILLIAM RIGHTER FISHER,	MR. M. C. KENNEDY.

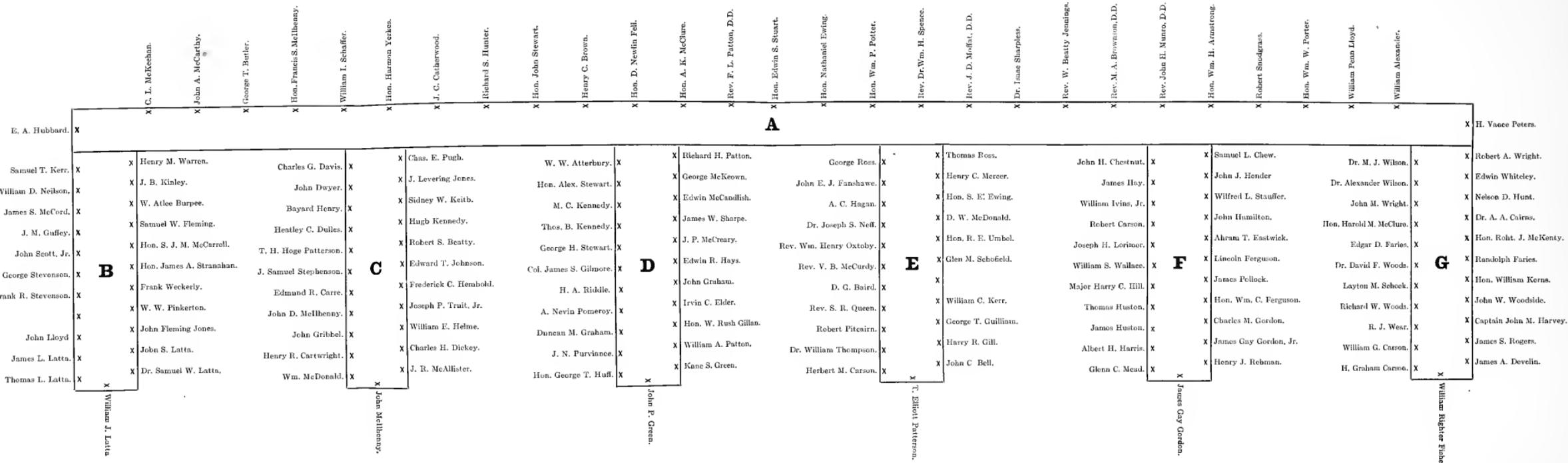
HISTORY AND ARCHIVES:

MR. T. ELLIOTT PATTERSON, <i>Chairman,</i>	HON. JOHN STEWART,
REV. HENRY C. McCOOK, D.D.,	MR. WILLIAM J. LATTA.



PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY.

Diagram of the Banquet Table (Bellevue-Stratford Hotel), February 28th, 1907.





EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL MEETING.

THE Eighteenth Annual Meeting and dinner of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society was held at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, on Thursday, February 28th, 1907, at 6.30 P. M., the President, Hon. Nathaniel Ewing, in the chair.

The report of the Treasurer for the year ending February 1st, 1907, was presented and approved. (See Appendix A, page 64.)

The following officers and directors were unanimously elected to serve for the ensuing year:—

President, REV. MARCUS A. BROWNSON, D.D.

First Vice-President, HON. HARMAN YERKES.

Second Vice-President, HON. EDWIN S. STUART.

Secretary and Treasurer, CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN.

Directors and Members of Council:

MR. T. ELLIOTT PATTERSON,	MR. JAMES POLLOCK,
MR. SAMUEL F. HOUSTON,	HON. JOHN STEWART,
HON. EDWIN S. STUART,	MR. BAYARD HENRY,
HON. A. K. MCCLURE,	REV. J. D. MOFFAT, D.D.,
REV. HENRY C. MCCOOK, D.D.,	MR. JOHN P. GREEN,
MR. WILLIAM RIGTER FISHER,	MR. ROBERT PITCAIRN,
MR. WILLIAM J. LATTA,	MR. M. C. KENNEDY,
COL. JOHN CASSELS,	MR. ROBERT SNODGRASS,
HON. W. W. PORTER,	HON. JOHN B. MCPHERSON,
MR. C. STUART PATTERSON,	HON. NATHANIEL EWING.

On motion the meeting then adjourned to the banquet room.

Rev. Marcus A. Brownson, D.D., invoked the Divine blessing.

At the close of the dinner Hon. Nathaniel Ewing, the President, arose and spoke as follows:—

GENTLEMEN OF THE PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY:—At this period in the programme of the evening's exercises a change of diet is prescribed. Before we enter upon that course, however, permit me, since I was unable to be present with you last year, to now express my profound gratitude for the honor which you then conferred upon me in electing me President of this Society. I make this acknowledgment, not simply because it is due to you and expected from me, but because I am sincerely grateful for it and wish to extend to you my most heartfelt thanks.

I believe it was the late Dr. MacIntosh, of blessed memory, who, at a meeting of the American Scotch-Irish Society at Chambersburg a few years since, related an incident of a recent visit he had made abroad. He stated that in the party, mainly Scotch-Irish, in which he found himself one day at a favorite resort in the northern part of Ireland, there was an Englishman who had made a recent trip to the United States, and who most vigorously complained that in his journeyings in this country, going from the Atlantic by a southern route to the Pacific, and back by the north to New York, he was constantly met by a peculiar type of men and women called Scotch-Irish, who were always "butting in" and standing in the front rank everywhere, while he heard and saw very little of Englishmen. Naturally, he could not understand it, and turning to an elderly gentleman of the party, he asked for an explanation. That gentleman, a distinguished Scotch-Irish minister of County Down—who may be our friend Dr. Munro, here—replied: "There are probably three things which explain it. We, the Scotch-Irish, are a people who believe in and think we possess something of blood, brains, and bearing," and then proceeded to demonstrate to him what a mighty superstructure could be reared upon so excellent a foundation.

Another has recently stated, in a similarly alliterative manner, that in this country the Scotch-Irish have always been the pioneers and apostles of patriotism, progress, and pie. (Laughter and applause.)

To two-thirds of this accusation we will probably be willing to enter a plea of guilty, without requiring the production of

proof; and if in the bill of particulars it be specified that by "pioneers and apostles of pie" is meant that we have a finger in every pie, or that we take an interest in every matter of moment, or even that we seek and obtain and enjoy a fair proportion of the good things of this life, what Scotch-Irishman here present will decline the pie?

But the pertinent inquiry for us is, what use are we making of our blood, brains, and patriotism? Are we simply manifesting our blood in our bearing and utilizing our brains and our patriotism for the acquisition of pie? For there is a form of patriotism hardly distinguishable from selfishness; but it is not the patriotism of our forefathers. Or are we earnestly, zealously, and wisely laboring for the upbuilding and advancement of the people of this great commonwealth and this great nation? Are our efforts tending towards the true progress of this people, or are we satisfied with merely protecting and maintaining the *status quo*?

It is related that a detachment of United States troops was once crossing the western plains, and became hungry and weary, and anxiously longed to reach their destination. Meeting a rancher, they inquired the distance to their destination, and were informed that it was *some two* miles away. For a full hour they plodded along, without a sign of the point, and, meeting a second rancher, inquired of him the distance, and were informed that it was *about* two miles away. They marched on for a half hour longer, and meeting a third rancher, and making of him the same inquiry, they were informed that it was *not over* two miles away. It was at this point that the doughty sergeant in command, with some effort at encouragement, exclaimed, "Well, thank the Lord we are at least holding our own." (Laughter.) But holding our own is not making progress; nor does it evidence a very high order of patriotism.

Less than one week ago we again celebrated the birthday of one whose patriotism has ever been an inspiration to all, a patriotism of the type which firmly believes that this country is purposed of God for the home of the man-loving, liberty-loving, and God-loving people who shall, in faith, hope, and charity, earnestly, persistently, and courageously

labor for the development of the nation which shall obey law, honor man, and fear God.

Another has well said that other nations have been born and have risen to power and glory, but the United States is working out the sublime experiment of attaining power without the sacrifice of liberty; of achieving wealth without degradation; of giving freedom to speech and to press without peril to the social order; of separating church and state without destroying religion; of admitting immigrants from all the world and yet assimilating all races into an American type, in harmony with the ideals of our civilization; of creating a strong central government without the sacrifice of democracy; and of giving continental opportunity to financial power without the impairment of justice or the enthronement of corruption. (Applause.)

This great work cannot be achieved by devotion to self and to self; it can only be accomplished by the constant exercise of the loftiest patriotism. The manifestations of such patriotism will vary according to the exigencies of the times. To-day the call upon the patriot is not for courage on the battlefield, but for integrity at the ballot box (applause); not so much for the enactment of laws as for the impartial enforcement of law (applause); not so much for the preaching as for the practice of a higher ethical standard and greater civic virtue (applause); not for measures of revenge and reprisal against recognized and known evils, but for sane provisions for readjustment and reformation. Toleration encourages evil. Retaliation doubles it. Reformation corrects it. (Applause and cries of "Good.") Patriotism is not destructive, but constructive.

Pennsylvania has evidenced her patriotism in the years gone by; her past, at least, is secure. Here are Fort Necessity, Fort Pitt, Independence Hall, and Gettysburg, and here they will remain forever. (Applause.) And Pennsylvania, the very apex and key of the whole nation, must maintain her primacy and continue to lead in the march of progress; and the Scotch-Irish must now and in the future, as in the past, be ever in the forefront. And are they not? Who to-day occupies the chair of the Chief Executive of this great com-

monwealth (applause) but one of our own most active members, the Hon. Edwin S. Stuart (applause), whom we are gratified to have with us to-night? Who is his chief counsellor and firm reliance, but another of our members, Hon. Moses Hampton Todd? (Applause.) And who is the junior Senator from Pennsylvania but our own Philander C. Knox, for whom we believe and hope a yet higher station and greater honors are in waiting? (Applause.) And so, gentlemen, you find our members in the halls of Congress, in the Legislature, on the benches of our appellate and district courts, in our metropolitan and other pulpits, and in other prominent, influential, and desirable positions; and everywhere, as we believe, working for equal justice to all and special privileges to none.

A little lad, the youngest of three boys, the only children of a family, once heard his mother remark to a visitor that she did wish one of her children had been a girl. Upon the departure of the visitor the lad reminded his mother of this remark, and naively inquired, "Who would have been it?" (Applause.) George wouldn't have been it, and Willie wouldn't have been it, and you can just bet your sweet life that I wouldn't have been it." (Laughter.) But who, gentlemen, would not be a Scotch-Irishman?

So I think that from the evidence of what our members are now doing, we may fairly conclude that the Scotch-Irish still have some blood, brains, and genuine patriotism, and that they are striving earnestly for the true progress of this people. Let us see to it, then, that these annual gatherings of the clan be to us something more than a mere joy of the hour; that they be to us invigorating, stimulating, and encouraging occasions, sending us forth with greater hope and loftier ideals, and with a renewed determination to faithfully advance that work which our forefathers so grandly conceived and so gloriously aided.

Last year a gentleman, well known in Philadelphia, was introduced to the larger constituency of the State, and introduced during the turmoil and excitement of a severe campaign, but he made good, and the citizenship of this Commonwealth set upon him the seal of their approval.

That gentleman honors us by his presence to-night, and I now have the pleasure of introducing to you Governor Edwin S. Stuart. (Applause, and the members and guests arose in honor of the Governor.)

Hon. Edwin S. Stuart.

MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW MEMBERS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY:—I am here to-night not to make a speech, but as the guest of this Society for the first time since I became a member. When I received my notice of the meeting, I immediately sent my subscription, but had the remarkable experience of having it returned with the statement that I was to appear to-night as a guest and not as a contributor; so I am here in that capacity. As has been stated by our President, I am here as the Governor of Pennsylvania, by the grace of our fellow member Judge Stewart, because when they were looking around for a candidate for Governor, they called upon a man named Stewart, who spelled his name S-t-e-w-a-r-t, and he had the good sense (laughter) to say that he had planned a trip to the north of Ireland, which positively could not be postponed. (Laughter.) They then looked farther down the list and found another member of the Scotch-Irish Society who spelled his name S-t-u-a-r-t, who was not so wise, and whom they induced to consider himself as a patriot, and here I am. (Laughter and applause.) While the other Stewart was enjoying himself around the homes of his ancestors and my ancestors, I was going through the worst Kilkenny cat fight you ever saw. (Laughter and applause.) We had eight weeks of separate one night stands in different towns, all sorts of beds, and not Bellevue-Stratford food; but I survived it, and landed at the Capitol, of which I had heard a great deal during the campaign. (Laughter and applause.) I want to say here that it is a very magnificent building (laughter); with the finest gas fixtures you ever saw (laughter). In the Governor's Room, which is very handsome, with fine wood carving, the carver, who was evidently a foreigner, did some very fine work. Having been told that it was the Governor's Room, and

that it should contain appropriate carvings, and not knowing the kind of Governor, he made a very beautiful carving of an engine governor, and if any of you gentlemen ever come to Harrisburg I will take great pleasure in showing you that room and that wonderful engine governor, by which I suppose you are meant to govern yourselves while you are there.

I do not propose to detain you, but thank you very kindly for the honor of being a guest of the Society to-night. There seems to be a remarkable coincidence about it, because one year ago my distinguished friend Justice Stewart, as a Justice of the Supreme Court, was a guest of honor at this board, and after his trip to Ireland, and my Kilkenny cat fight, I am a guest here to-night.

One thing with which I was very much impressed this evening, was the reference by Judge Ewing to the enforcement of law. The Scotch-Irish people always respected the majesty and the supremacy of the law. They came to this country, with all its great opportunities, and for no State in the Union have they done so much as they have for the State of Pennsylvania. (Applause.) There is the same opportunity to-day for the oppressed of all climes to come to this country, provided they come to grasp the opportunities we have here, but above and beyond everything else, they must remember that liberty in this country means *liberty regulated by law*. (Applause.) There is no room for anybody who comes here for any other purpose; there is no man nor set of men in this country strong enough to successfully defy the law, and there is none so poor or so humble as not to be entitled to its protection. (Prolonged applause.)

The President:—

In a small town in a small State may be found a great modern triumvirate. Its influence is beyond bounds; its membership is notable—a dual ex-President of the United States, the only one in our history, the President of a great university, soon, we are told, to become the greatest educational institution in the world, and himself a possible candidate for the White House, and last, but not least—for we

know it is said that "the last shall be first"—the ex-President and the first President of that same university, and now the President of a renowned and venerable theological seminary. These three, in happy accord, with patriotic zeal and in Christian hope, work earnestly together, as well as each in his own particular sphere, for the education, elevation, and salvation of this people. One of the number is present with us this evening. I now have the pleasure of introducing to you the Rev. Dr. Francis L. Patton, President of Princeton Theological Seminary. (Prolonged Applause.)

Rev. Francis L. Patton, D.D.:—

MR. PRESIDENT, YOUR EXCELLENCY AND GENTLEMEN OF THE SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY:—When the invitation came to me to attend this dinner I accepted with more than my usual promptitude, and, if possible, with more than my usual pleasure in accepting such invitations, because I said to myself, although I had never been here, seeing that it is going to be a Scotch-Irish gathering, there is sure to be a sprinkling of Presbyterians, at least. (Laughter.) And if I should make a remark, accidentally, that might betray my ecclesiastical training, they would know how to take it, and I would feel at home. Since I came here I found that my anticipations were entirely justified.

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson remarks in one of his books that "about the very cradle of the Scot there goes a hum of metaphysical divinity," and I have thought lately that this plant of orthodoxy, wilted a little in Scotland itself, perhaps, by the winds that blow across the German Ocean, is thriving with even greater hardihood to-day in Ireland and has, therefore, not suffered, but, on the other hand, has improved by being transplanted. (Applause.)

The Scotch-Irish have a way of climbing up into the best places.

Lord Dufferin, perhaps the greatest, in some respects, perhaps the most loved of all the Governors-General of Canada, was a Scotch-Irishman.

Earl Cairns, one of the most famous lawyers of his time, and at one time Lord High Chancellor of England, was also

a Scotch-Irishman. And to-day we have among us as the representative of His Majesty, King Edward VII, another Scotch-Irishman in the person of the Right Honorable James Bryce (Applause), who come to us with special claims upon our hospitality and cordial reception, on many grounds. He is an athlete, and that, the London *Spectator* says, will insure him a very cordial reception and make him a *persona gratissima* to Mr. Roosevelt. (Applause and laughter.) He is the first man—and this is not his only distinction, but I submit that it is a distinction—he is the first man, at least in post-diluvian times, who has ever ascended to the top of Mount Ararat. (Laughter and applause.) He is the man who has expounded the American Constitution to the entire satisfaction of the American people and has succeeded in mediating its meaning to the understanding of the British people. (Laughter.)

But I do not think it necessary to dwell upon the Scotch-Irish as they live in Ireland, because I am expected to speak more of the Scotch-Irish since their migration to this land.

As I look over this table to-night and recall, where I have not been reminded of the fact, the signal success which the Scotch-Irish have achieved in the State of Pennsylvania, I bless my lucky stars that in migrating myself from the little island which I am proud to call my home, I did not come to the State of Pennsylvania, being perfectly sure that no man need apply for any position of distinction or dignity unless he carry with him the hall-mark of Scotch-Irish descent, (laughter), for the Scotch-Irish, it seems to me, have filled every position. They fill the important pulpits; they occupy high places in commerce; they occupy the chief places on the bench; they are conspicuous at the bar, and with rare sagacity the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania has put the crown upon its own reputation for good sense by elevating to the chief magistracy another Scotch-Irishman.

Now, the Scotch-Irishman, I take it, has one attribute that must commend him to the admiration of all right thinking men. The Scotch-Irishman has the attribute which the Puritan, the Dutchman, and the Huguenot had; he, with the Puritan and with the rest that I have referred to, is, more

than anybody else, the incarnation of the human conscience. That is what gives him his distinction. We hear a great deal about the Puritan, and we do not hear so much about the Scotch-Irishman, but it is the same idea. You know about the Puritan. If you ever go to a New England dinner you will find every man at the table, if you chance to get into conversation with him, making it perfectly clear to you that his pedigree takes him back to the Mayflower; but he will also tell you that while his parents and ancestors were Puritans, there is nothing Puritanical about him (laughter), thank God. (Laughter.) His fathers ate baked beans in the wilderness and are dead (laughter), while he regales himself with terrapin and canvas-back duck and thinks his stars that he lives in the land of plenty; and if you will only give him half an hour in a safe deposit vault with a pair of scissors he will manage, by living a strenuous life during those thirty minutes, to carve out the expenses of the family for the next six months. (Laughter.) Now, it is this quality of the conscience that I think is the bulwark of the Republic.

There are several reasons why a man should conform to that code of regulated behavior in civilized countries which we call morality. The best inducement that a man could ever have would be an inclination so to conform. The surest guaranty that a man will eat three square meals a day is that he has a good appetite, and, having it, you need no categorical imperative urging him so to do. (Laughter.) If virtue were only an appetite there would be no trouble. The difficulty is that as yet, at least, it is not, but there are appetites that lead a man astray, and he needs all the inducements he can have to conquer those appetites and persevere in the path of duty.

I shall not speak of the restraining influence of the social sanction, nor in the presence of so many representatives of the bench and the bar shall I say much with regard to the authority of the legal sanction, but I count confidently upon the approval of both the bench and the bar when I say that if from the Sinai peaks of one's inner life there could come thundering down the command "thou shalt not" in the-

form of a self-legislated enactment, that would be the safest and the surest guaranty of a perpetuated morality. (Applause.) And I think we have fallen upon times when there is the greater need for the emphasis to be put upon this self-legislated, as Kant would say, this autonomous morality, alike in the sphere of private and of public life. We sometimes speak of morality as though it were a piece of cake that we cut up into slices and hand around, offering to the merchant a bit of commercial morality and to the man in society a bit of what is called sexual morality; and we think that the man who has the slice that is particularly suited to his calling in life can be excused if he does not partake over much of the slice that seems specially meant for somebody else. Now, since greed and lust are the two principal things that stand in the way of a man's compliance with the ordinary precepts of morality, we have come to speak of these two particularly as though they covered the whole sphere of human duty.

In the sphere of commercial morality, I think it is quite common for us to suppose that a man has pretty well covered the obligations of life when he sells goods according to sample, when he gives honest weight, when he is scrupulous in the specific performance of contract and keeps religiously or, at least, vigilantly within the law. So that if one should say that according to some a lifelong effort to keep out of jail were the high ideal and the high-water mark of human attainment, we should not be, perhaps, so far from the truth. (Laughter.) In fact, men have come to look upon the law as such a sufficient substitute for the individual conscience that they feel that so long as the law does not molest them they are all right. The consequence is, as Mr. Balfour has remarked in some place, we have dethroned the infinite justice and we have put an apotheosised Mrs. Grundy in its place. We have come to say to men, "Be careful to keep inside the law," and when we are dealing with men in relation of superiors and inferiors, we say, "You must be honest or you will lose your job. You must be sober or you will be dismissed." We put a punch in the hands of the conductor; we set traps for the night watchman, and we act generally upon the whole-

sale principle that nobody can be trusted, our latest invention in the art of general distrust being the ability to say to the clerk at the counter, "Do not cheat, because if you do the cash register will tell on you." (Laughter.) And we have gone so far in this direction that it looks to me as though by putting law in the place of conscience, precept in the place of principle, (thus saying to men nobody can be trusted), men are beginning to feel that they are not expected to be trusted. When we reach this stage, however, we have really administered an anodyne to conscience.

Now, I am not so sure that everything is done that is expected of a man when he has kept within the law. For it looks to me as though the low and savage system of war and pillage and bloodshed in the course of the moralization of society has introduced to us an entirely different kind of human antagonism, sometimes just as brutal and quite as crushing, and the man who succeeds in this is able to quote Scripture, as another person is said to do sometimes (laughter), and say, with Paul, "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal." Oh, no; they are not carnal; but they are mighty all the same. They operate according to the strict laws of competition, division of labor, production and distribution. But, as Mr. Bernard Shaw says: "Men have not changed; the old nature is still there; what we call improvement is very much like the pipe clay on the soldier; like the wig on the actor; like the ermine on the judge." It is all external, and underneath, if you scratch him, you will find that man is the same old savage, after all.

All we plead for is a little more recognition of the law of human brotherhood, of the old motto, "Live and let live." Not that I deny that there is benevolence. Men are benevolent, and I thank them, and I thank God, too, that they are so splendidly benevolent. If they were only as benevolent sometimes in the way they make their money as they are in the way they spend it (laughter) I think that the problem as to the relationship of labor and capital might be nearer a solution. It looks to me sometimes now, however, as though they were robbing the individuated Peter in order that they may pay the incorporated Paul. 1

Now, of course, human nature has not changed; it is the same old human nature. And men have had the same passions that we have, and they had them long ago. The story of domestic infelicity and domestic infidelity is as old as human history, only I think there was some advantage in the old way. In the olden time they did not know so much about it. They did not know so much about it by hearsay and observation, however much they might have known about it by experience. (Laughter.) But it is an unfortunate thing, I think, for the young people of our day that they should not only be able to know so much about it, but that they should be forced to know so much about it. For the morning newspapers, and not the morning newspapers alone, but the successive editions of the evening newspapers spread upon our tables every day this dreadful story of domestic infelicity and lapses from the law of domestic purity. And we have grown so accustomed to this style of entertainment that when we take up the morning newspaper that furnishes us no new sensation we are disposed to mark the date in our calendar as a *dies non*.

Not only so, but the novel writers help us greatly, and contribute not a little to this enjoyment of vicarious vice. We read the compromising situations in the novels; we watch the men and women in these stories balancing on the tight rope of conversation, with the fear—perhaps I had better say with the hope—that at any minute one or the other of them will go over into the whirlpool of the unfit and the improper; and then when we have read it and we go out to dinner, women talk to men with unfluctuating color about the serious situations in the "The House of Mirth," and "The Fighting Chance," and Hitchins' "Call of the Blood," and then we wonder how it is that every now and then there is a sensation. We forget that we are blunting our own moral sensibilities, that we are deliberately laying the reins upon the neck of appetite, and then we wonder when there is a run-away and an upset and a collapse of reputation.

Do I err when I say that the thing most needed at this moment is a revival of an efficient exercise of that old fash-

ioned archaic word which people of a former generation used to style the conscience?

What is true in the sphere of private morals, I take it, is quite as true in the sphere of public morals. I take it that I am speaking in the sphere of platitude to an audience like this when I tell them that this nation was founded in righteousness, and that they had great opportunities, those Puritan and Scotch-Irish fathers. Of course, they had. They were the *élite* of the world; the best elements of the old world civilization, they were, and the best elements in that old world civilization they brought over here. They brought the Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights, the English Bible and English Literature, the Common Law and the English Parliament (they call it Congress). And they established the nation, not on the principle that a nation's greatness is in a great population, or in open markets, or in spheres of influence, or in unrivaled wealth, but in the full belief of that Old Testament statement that "righteousness exalteth a nation"; that the individual does not exist for the state, but that the state is a great piece of machinery in order to make it possible for the individuals composing the state to move on peacefully and quietly in the sphere of domestic life towards the self realization of an individual in the sphere of moral activity. (Applause.)

Men do not seem to understand, as yet, that it was this power of self control that those men had, this ability to forego pleasure, to scorn delights and live laborious days that enabled them to make these material achievements that they have made. And now that the achievements have been made, the danger comes. Now that the wealth has accrued, the age of luxury sets in. Oh, we can sit at the training table and keep our bodies under until the last game of the season has been played, but when the end is attained, then comes the temptation to throw off all restraint.

I have no doubt about it, although I have had no information upon the subject, for what information we have is of a very limited character, but I have no doubt about it in the world, that Jeshurun in his early life and when he was a

comparatively poor man was a very law-abiding citizen; it was only when he waxed fat that he kicked. (Laughter.)

Now, my friends, I think if there is anything that the world needs at the present time it is a revival of the conscience, of this self legislated enactment to the effect that there are some things that thou shalt not do, not because society will ostracise you if you do, or you will suffer or go to jail, but because it is wrong, and some things that thou shalt do because it is right. In regard to the great questions which emerge—and if I do not err there are several questions that do emerge—I distrust all the panaceas that are offered, all the patent medicines that are given, because I believe there is only one sovereign remedy. Are there not great questions? They tell me, and I get it only by hearsay, for I live in a quiet and rural town, but they tell me that the question as to how you shall have honest government in a great city is a great question. They tell me, and this I do believe, that the pathological conditions of society are presenting great problems for thinking men. What are we to do with this trinity of troubles that come with the congested life of great cities—poverty, disease and crime? Will you adopt the doctrine of *laissez-faire* or state socialism, or is there still a place for the principles enunciated in the Sermon on the Mount? I am inclined to take that last view as really the only fundamental cure for these diseases of the body politic.

And then there is the great question as to what is to be done in the settlement of imminent international difficulties, not between us and other nations, but between the nations at large throughout the world. I think that we have reason to take pride in the fact that this land has done more and this government has done more in the direction of arbitration than all the other countries in the world have done, and in doing this they have contributed a great chapter to the science of international law. But, then, remember that international law—and I speak with deference in the presence of members of the bench and the bar—is, strictly speaking, not law, for if it is not a branch of ethics, it is so largely ethical that it is a question whether it could ever be efficiently carried into effect except through the operations of the conscience.

Why, Great Britain was so slow to recognize the principles of international law herself that she never recognized the three mile limit until she had first, by legislative enactment in an Act of Parliament, made it part of her statutory system. And yet, I take it, there never was a day when the prospects of an increasing area for the operation of arbitration were so bright; so many reasons look in that direction. The increased attention that men are paying to great social questions, the increasing complexity of commercial relations, the growing democratisation of the governments of the world; all these things point in the direction of a time when, at least if men so will it, it will be possible for them to settle these international difficulties without resorting to the stern arbitrament of the sword. But they will never do it on any mere principle of personal pleasure or the greatest happiness for the greatest number, or on any principle whatever other than by a full and new recognition of ideal right and fundamental moral obligation. (Applause.)

Now, I know that the pulpit is lifting its voice as earnestly as it can, in the direction of a revival of interest in fundamental moral questions. Men are saying all the time that we need a revival of the conscience. Very true. But while the pulpit is seeking to awaken conscience you must remember that you can, at any time you want, find a philosopher ready to assassinate her; and that is our trouble. Oh, we think, you know, that this is a mere question of indifference; that men are all right intellectually, but they are simply stupid and indifferent and overcome by sensuality and greed. Not at all. I verily believe that there is an intellectual question here, and that more men than you think of have imbibed a wrong and a false intellectual belief with regard to these fundamental moral questions.

You see a man with his arm paralyzed, and the layman says that is only a matter of paralysis of the arm; that is all. This motor inhibition is purely local and peripheral. Maybe it is, for there is that kind of paralysis, the doctors tell me; but in nine cases out of ten this motor inhibition, with reference to the left arm, means a very serious lesion in the right side of the brain; and the difficulty with reference to moral

issues and the moral paralysis that has overtaken so many men is a difficulty, if I am not mistaken, in the head; they have false intellectual conceptions with respect to eternal right and the meaning of moral obligation. (Applause.)

Oh, they say, following Nietzsche here, nature is telling us you may make too much of these passive virtues, you may make a race that is chicken-hearted, and you may carry the virtue of meekness a little too far. The meek are not going to inherit the earth, at all; it is the strong man that gets there. I heard a very prominent philosopher say in my presence that in the morality of the future meekness was not going to "cut so much ice." (Laughter.)

Professor Sorley, in a course of ethical lectures before some clergymen of the Church of England, said that while in the latter half of the nineteenth century men were seeking to explain the genesis of the accepted Christian morality, in the twentieth century the probabilities are they will seek to revise the content of that morality. And I tell you that when men, under the guidance of philosophy, undertake to revise the Ten Commandments, you may raise the question with a great deal of propriety as to how much morality is going to be left. And I am speaking very seriously when I say that I regard, perhaps, as being as great a menace to morality and its perpetuity among us, as anything, the teachings of those philosophers who, in all good faith and under the inspiration of what they call a fearless love of truth, are seeking so to explain the genesis of moral obligation as actually to explain it away. And when they tell me, as they do, that this idea of moral obligation, that this imperial word "ought," the most magisterial in our language, is only a symbol, after all, of social authority, and, in its full meaning signifies the duty of the part to be in obedience to the whole, the sovereign right of the whole to exercise authority over the part, they have taken the greatest step they can take in the direction of the abolition of morality. Does that mean that when I am in Rome I must do as the Romans do? Does that mean that public sentiment is always right and the individual who differs therefrom must hide his head in shame? Does that leave us no place after this for a respectful regard for those

solitary prophets like Elijah and Daniel, who bore their testimony against majorities? Does it? No, indeed. But, on the contrary, I find in those heroes of history, Scotch-Irish, Puritan, and Huguenot, who were able to defy kings, to resist tyranny, to bear solitary testimony against wrong, to lift their voice against abounding iniquity, and even die for the right when well nigh the unanimous voice of the people was against them, an argument which as much as any thing else convinces me that the idea of moral obligation means something far more than the symbol of social authority. (Applause.)

Oh, I am old fashioned enough—and I trust I may never transcend or outgrow the idea—to entertain the belief that this idea of moral obligation is the correlative within me of a Divine government above me. I understand, I think, and I am sure we all do, what Kant says, that the law must be autonomous; must be self legislated. I am returning from an European trip, say, and there is a law against smuggling, and there are several things more or less portable, and more or less capable of eluding the eye of the custom house officer, and I say to myself, "Now, if I bring those things in, like as not I will be caught, and then there will be a scandal, and it would not look well for me to appear in that light, at any rate." So I do not bring the laces, the gloves and jewelry and other things that would have secured me a fond greeting on this side of the water. Kant says you have not done your duty; you have just been prudent, that is all. But if from my own conscience there had come the command, "Thou shalt not break the law of the land," then I would have been doing my duty. Precisely. And when you interpret this as the subjective counterpart of the Divine government, you have, it seems to me, the basis, and the only basis for a moral life. The essence of wrongdoing is not that one has been unneighborly; it is not egotistic self assertion, contrary to the advantage of other people. The great motive in restraint from wrong is voiced in the old words of the patriarch, "How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?" The voice of repentance is in the contrite words of the Psalmist, "Against Thee, Thee only, have I

sinned." And above all considerations of a calculating prudence there stands the great categorical imperative of the Gospel, "We ought to obey God rather than men." (Prolonged applause.)

Hon. Harman Yerkes:—

MR. PRESIDENT:—By direction of the Committee of Arrangements I must interrupt the order of the exercises of this evening for the purpose of performing what is to me a very pleasant duty. It has been the custom of this Society for many years to present to the retiring President a token of their esteem and regard in the form of a spoon.

I have been somewhat curious to understand the symbolic meaning of this token. I have inquired of the Secretary, and he says that he is unable to enlighten me further than that it originated some years ago and was the conception of Judge Logan, I presume in the days when the Pennsylvania Railroad, to a Pennsylvanian and a Scotch-Irishman, was regarded as a representative of the progress and advancement of our Commonwealth rather than as a subject of reproach and condemnation popular in these days of inquisition, when everyone and everything that arises above the mediocre is the object of malignant attack.

I find carved upon this spoon the head of an Indian, showing on the countenance two expressions very clearly depicted; one that of disgust. I have no doubt that that is symbolic of the feeling of the Indian of my native county of Bucks (laughter) when my old foretime neighbor, William Penn, extracted from him that treaty known as the "Walk." The other expression is that of fear. That, undoubtedly, is an expression of his feeling towards the other neighbor whom in those days he met up there at the site of the old log college, and elsewhere in the Commonwealth, the Scotch-Irishman, who went at him swords points, and where he would not agree, by barter and trade, to part with his holdings, by force and arms wrested from him what he wanted and what he required in his advance in progress and greatness towards the development of this great Commonwealth.

Around the neck of this Indian I see what looks like a string of bananas. I cannot understand the significance of it, unless it has some reference to that little island to which the gentleman who has made the very great address which we have heard this evening claims allegiance.

In the bowl of this spoon I find the Shield of Pennsylvania and an extended palm. I think, with all due deference to the Governor and the Senators who surround us, and to the counsel for the Investigating Committee at Harrisburg, this is significant of something that may have been going on there. (Laughter.) But, in order that there may be no mistake as to what this spoon is intended for, I find carved upon one side of it, "Pioneer Porridge," and on the other side, "Mush and Milk."

That reminds me of an old farmer in my neighborhood, who used to say that whenever his supper consisted of mush and milk, he at once struck for the stairway to get to bed before he became hungry again. (Laughter.)

Mr. President, in presenting to you this spoon on behalf of this Society, I can hardly affirm that it is an appropriate emblem for the Scotch-Irish to present to a retiring President of their organization. It has been said that he who sups with a certain gentleman should have a long spoon, but that is not appropriate to a Scotch-Irishman; he has no guile of that kind. A more appropriate gift to a retiring President, and especially to you, sir, would have been of the sort emblematic of the fighting character of the race and of this conglomerate people, if I may so term them, and of their history in Pennsylvania. But as this gift, in compliance with the usage and practice of the Society, has been carved in this way, I can only suggest to you that you may read it and appropriate it in another, as illustrated by a little Scotch-Irish anecdote.

It does not often happen that one who invites a guest to a dinner profits for the occasion by being prompted in what he may be called upon to say, but my guest of this evening a little while ago told me a story of an old Scotchman who was engaged in the liquor business and had an assistant whose name was Jamie, and when billing a barrel of Mononga-

hela whiskey, in the endeavor to make out the bill he was stumped in his spelling, and he said, "Jamie, how do you spell Monongahela?" "Dombed if I know," says Jamie. "Well, then," he said, "I don't know aither, but we'll just call this Old Rye."

And, Mr. President, if in your retirement, when you come to meet that other gentleman, if he should visit you, to whom the Toastmaster has just inferentially referred as the enemy of mankind, you are not satisfied to call this a spoon with which you would not think of supping with him, you may think it a sword and govern yourself as all good Scotch-Irish-men should in presence of his Majesty.

It gives me great pleasure, Mr. President, on behalf of the Society, to present to you this beautiful and, I hope, symbolic gift. (Applause.)

The President:—

JUDGE YERKES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE SOCIETY:—For this additional mark of your esteem I am profoundly grateful. I do not know to what use I shall put it. I hope never to meet the individual the Judge has graphically depicted, and consequently, never to have occasion to transform the spoon into a sword. I am not given much to the consumption of porridge, and can hardly use it in that way, but I promise you that if I find myself tempted to stray from the proper path of the Scotch-Irish I shall take some corrective, and taking it from that spoon, I think, from the size of it, it will either cure or kill. (Applause.)

In the biggest and busiest little town I know stands the finest and prettiest little church of the Scotch-Irish persuasion of which I have any knowledge. It is proper that such a town and such a congregation as there worships should have a minister and a pastor of the first order, and they have. The only thing that I can urge against him on this occasion is that he is not a genuine Scotch-Irishman; his paternal ancestry was Irish; his maternal, New England, of English descent; he himself was born and educated in Canada; but he has the happy faculty of readily assuming the hue of his environment. Let me illustrate: While traveling once in

the Southwest with a member of his former congregation, not the present, and stopping at a small hotel, his friend thought to while away the time and arouse some interest by interrogating a negro attaché. In the course of his interrogation of this individual he asked him this question, "What business do you think my companion is engaged in?" and received the reply, "Well, boss, I 'spects he's in the liquor business." This reply was entirely to the gentleman's liking, and he began at once to rally his pastor about it, but his pastor was not entirely satisfied, and thought he would press the inquiry a little further, so he approached Sambo and asked, "Why in the world did you tell that gentleman you thought I was in the liquor business?" "Well, boss, it was because of the company you was with." (Laughter.) So I think to-night we may accept him as a Scotch-Irishman because of the company he is with. I have great pleasure in introducing to you Rev. Dr. William Hamilton Spence, Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Uniontown, Pa. (Applause.)

Rev. William Hamilton Spence, LL.D.:—

MR. CHAIRMAN, YOUR EXCELLENCY AND GENTLEMEN:— Our distinguished Chairman forgot to say that the gentleman in whose company I was at the time was a distinguished member of the bar of Illinois. What interpretation he would put on my vocation if he saw me in *this* presence I am really afraid to conjecture.

A Scotch minister was so puzzled over an indifferent hearer that he was constrained to ask him, "Why is it, my friend, that while everyone in the congregation was in tears under my sermon, you sat unmoved?" "Ah, weel," said the man, "ye see, I belang tae anither pairish."

Circumstances over which I had no control, as the President has said, decreed that I be born in Canada; they also decreed, as if to do all they could for a man, that I be born of half Scotch-Irish parentage, my father having been born in Donegal, though they say that is five miles out of Ireland. So, though "I belang tae anither pairish," I naturally warm to Scotch Irish anywhere, whatever sky bends over their head;

for my bit of Scotch-Irish blood is touch of nature enough to make me feel akin.

Scotch-Irish! What is it? Pat, who was the town drayman, was witness in a "blind-pig" case, if you know what that is. The judge said to him:

"Pat, do you know that Tim Dolan keeps a blind-pig down that alley?"

"No, sor."

"Didn't you deliver a barrel down there the other day?"

"I did, sor."

"What was written on the end of that barrel?"

"Whiskey, sor."

"And what was written on the other end of it?"

"Tim Dolan, your Honor."

"Now, Pat, do you mean to tell me you don't know what was inside of that barrel?"

"Well, your Honor, how could I tell whether it was whiskey or Tim Dolan." (Laughter.)

And when I see a man with Scotch written on one end of him, and Irish on the other, I experience a similar bewilderment of mind with that of the unsophisticated Hibernian—how do I know precisely what is inside of him.

I confess with considerable shame and confusion of face that I know all too little of Pennsylvania Scotch-Irishmen, of the part Scotch-Irishmen played in the critical period and development of early American life. I only know it was the *leading* one; even a Canadian knows that. But I know something more of the *original ingredients* of this wonderful, hyphenated, siphonated (laughter) compound, Scotch-Irish character; for it has been my lot to spend much of my life within or adjacent to distinctively Scotch or distinctively Irish communities. I have had opportunity to observe that this Scotchman, exteriorly, is not an entirely prepossessing person. Graven-featured, hard-headed, dour, cautious, frugal, self-seeking, self-opinionated, canny-bargaining, pragmatical, God-fearing, and world-loving.

Nevertheless, let the Muse strike him with her wand, and this rockbound nature becomes less refractory than the granite Moses smote with his rod; for out of him flows a living rivu-

let of *song*, that follows him into his home, out at his work, and even afar from his native land whence penury has driven him. And Providence only knows where a Scotchman cannot be found. But wherever found, at the heart of him you will find a song.

But mind you, it is at the *heart* of him. It requires almost superhuman power to get it out of him. Like a bit of frozen earth, there is juice in him, but it takes a tremendous heat to thaw it and bring it to the surface. He never spills over or goes moose-hunting with a brass band, for it is the glory of a Scotchman to conceal a thing. This *sentiment* in Sandy is a secret and serious business—a ferment at the interior of him, rather than an effervesence on the surface.

Like his own

“Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,”

there are beautiful lakes of sentiment in him, at times awful in grandeur, at others charming in repose; but on every side cliffs so precipitous and beetling it is at the peril of your life you attempt their descent to get to them. You will find it a good deal of an *adventure* to get into the heart of a Scotchman.

On the other hand, your Irishman is expressive, ebullient, vivacious. Nothing is sooner in his heart than it is on his lip. Not that he is superficial; but there seems to be no obstruction between the core of him and his bark. He oozes and boozes freely. He never bleeds inwardly only. What you get from him, lovable man that he is, is the first beat of his heart, not something meditated upon, subtilized, but projected hot from its first glow. Little wonder that of all people of the earth Irishmen come first for “divilment and divarshun.”

Then your Scotchman is frugal, economical almost to parsimoniousness. He may be called “contiguous,” It is said that half farthings were coined first in Scotland, in order that benevolently inclined Scotchmen would make contribution to charitable objects. (Laughter.)

But his “nearness” saves him from *dependence*, from the servile acquiescence of submissive poverty. Of representa-

tives of all races at my door as beggars, never have there been these two—a Jew and a Scotchman. Nor have you ever seen a Scotch settlement that did not show unmistakable signs of prosperity and comfort. They made even that most *unfertile*, third-rate province of Ireland to yield a plenty; and wherever else it originated, it has not been from *Ulster* the world has heard the age-long wail of Irish poverty, Irish unthrift, Irish Home Rule. (Applause.)

On the other hand, the Irishman is inclined to be prodigal, generous to a fault. "A clane fast before a beggarly male" is a proverb of Irish economics. He will waste more ingenuity and display more genius in getting rid of his fortune than the cleverest fellows elsewhere evince in accumulating and hoarding theirs.

The symbol of the Scotchman is the bee—leaving no flower unsought, and whether it be poisonous or wholesome, extracting from it honey with which to supply its winter cell—a bee, with a sting at the end of him.

The symbol of the Irishman is the fly—nimble, making wide excursions, enjoying the Summer to the full, but too forgetful of the "Winter's sleety dribble"

"An' cranreuch cauld."

Then the Scotchman is plodding, persevering, tenacious. When "Yon Yonson" arrived at the wharf to embark for America, he found the ship about to sail, and instantly went aboard. By the time his friend, Ole Olson, reached the place, the vessel had swung out a couple of rods. "Yon Yonson" stood on deck and with considerable excitement shouted, "Yump, Ole, yump! You can make it in two yumps." (Laughter.)

What the Scotchman cannot make in one "yump" he will try two at. If not in "twa," he will stick at it until he arrives. Though not in every case brilliant, he gets there just the same.

For three years I was the pastor of a Scotch parish on a portion of which stands the present site of Winnipeg. The people came there in 1815, because evicted from Sutherlandshire, the Lords wishing to turn their possessions into sheep

walks. They were put down there at the junction of those two rivers by Lord Selkirk, and were the first white settlement between St. Paul, Minnesota, and the Arctic Ocean. For forty years they attended the little Episcopal church supported by the Hudson Bay Company for the factor, his family, and whatever half-breeds might attend it, all the time sending petitions home to Scotland for a minister, some of the petitions coming back to the Hudson Bay Company and to them as wrapping paper. At the end of forty years they secured a young minister from Eastern Canada. On the day on which he arrived, every family and every individual of that entire settlement arose and took their farewell of that church which they had attended for over forty years, and began building for themselves that old Presbyterian building that will stand there for generations, in token of their ecclesiastical fixity. (Applause.)

I refer to this, not because their tenacity of purpose made Presbyterians of them still, though that was "a consummation devoutly to be wished," but it was the Scotch of them, and it made of them the men they were, who put their mark indelibly on that great north-land, as it is what will make a man of anybody, if he have the stuff of a man in him.

The Scotchman don't know *how to let go*, not even when letting go might be of advantage to him. Dr. McCosh tells of leading a horse out to pasture one morning, riding another at its side. The horse pulled at the halter until he was dragged from his seat to the ground, but the doctor says it never once occurred to him to let go the rope in order that he might keep his seat. That was the Scotch of him. Is it an argument, is it an enterprise, is it a theory, is it a *vice*, a Scotchman will hang on to it even if it unhorse him.

But an Irishman is brilliant, dashing. He must make it in one "yump," and he often does. His mind has wings, but in feet for plodding along tiresome roads, it is comparatively deficient. He is the most brilliant soldier *in a charge* the world has ever seen; but he cannot stand pounding so well. There is where the Scotchman comes in. So it has been by the combination of these national qualities in its army that the British Empire has won many of its fields of imperishable

renown; and it was because of the *absence* of them in the army of *Cornwallis*, but the presence of them in the army of *Washington*, in the form of the *Scotch-Irish*, that the retreat of the British at Lexington developed into their surrender at Yorktown. (Applause.)

It is sometimes said that a Scotchman has no wit. An Englishman has no wit. You could not squeeze wit out of an Englishman with a cider-mill. But a Scotchman has wit, cutting as caustic, sharp as a two-edged sword, and just as dangerous to fool with; a photograph of Scottish character!

A man once came reeling, in a state of intoxication, up to an old Scotch minister, to whom he said, "I am a self-made man." "Ah," replied the dour dominie, "thot believes the Lord of a great responsibility." (Laughter.)

Two Scotchmen were in Dublin, when they came across a place where a man had been painting a building green, and had spilled some paint on the sidewalk. Said Donald, "Sandy, what is that, mon?" "Ah," he said, "some Irishman has had a hemorrhage." (Laughter and applause.)

But for pure wit, spontaneous and ready, irresistible as a prattling child, as perennial as a fountain, the world is not in it with the Irish. He may sometimes go to his imagination for his facts (laughter), but no need to go to his memory for his wit.

Said a tourist to an Irishman he met with a great rent in the front of his coat, "Pat, you have a rent in your coat." "Sure, sor," came the reply, "you can't call it rent in arrear."

The Scotchman is a thinker. Cool and self-contained, careful and scrutinizing; with a mental poise immovable by fads and novelties; with a positiveness that is refreshing even when wrong; with a mental daring, winging its flight against the blaze of every philosophy with an eye that never droops and a wing that never wearies—Hamilton and Hume, Adam Smith and Kant—Scotchmen, by every quality of their mental and moral mould have been commissioned to work out for civilization its deepest problems of destiny and life. On the other hand, the home of *eloquence* is the *Emerald Isle*.

Great eloquence belongs either to a land of fullest freedom

or to a land of despotism. It can spring from no medium ground. It must have a freedom to champion or a despotism to dethrone.

With this must go a temperament ardent to passionateness, emotional and sensitive, keen to perceive and swift to strike, imagination of feeling all compact, hot-headed, and injudicious; and this political despotism, on the one hand, meeting with this temperament on the other, in the Irish, little wonder that Ireland has won from the modern world the sceptre of oratory—a sceptre as rich in its material as beautiful in its ornamentation.

The Irish are religious. I know that for them nothing is too grave for a jest, nothing too solemn for a sarcasm. He will speak of most sacred things with a familiarity that seems flippant, but it is not irreverence. He is no more irreverent than a child.

Two Irishmen were attending mass in a Catholic church one Sabbath morning, and after observing for a while the celebration, disregarding the sanctity of the day and the occasion, Corny, who was much impressed, turned to Tim and said, "It beats the devil." "Whist, mon," said Tim, "that's the intition." (Laughter.)

And your *Scotchman* is religious. It is his whole existence; not a thing apart.

I am aware that Scottish religion is spoken of as a compound of worship on Sunday and whisky on Monday, as a sort of mixture of spirits. Sandy may be, at times, a terror, but he is always a holy terror. (Laughter.)

In the city of Edinburgh, on a Sabbath morning, a Scotchman sauntered down the street that was all too narrow for his business, having imbibed too freely of Scotch dew. Preceding him at a little distance was a lady with a dog, which in playfulness persisted in running away from her. Again and again she called; again and again she whistled. And what a poor struggling intermittent stream of a whistle it was; but the dog, stone-hearted to those sweetly plaintive though uncertain notes, made no response. Just heart-broken with fear lest her dog be lost, she awaited the approach of her unsteady but solemn follower, who was doing

his best to carry his drink with dignity. Considering the distance he traveled, owing to the complex curves he was making, he did nobly in catching up at all, even with one who stood still. "Will you please, mister, whistle for my dog, for I am afraid he will be lost?" With the offended dignity that only a Scotchman can assume, especially when carrying several sheets in the wind, he drew himself up, and, with something like horror of her inexplicable godlessness, said, "Woman, is this a day to whustle?" (Laughter.)

That is the caricature; now let me give you an incident of the real thing.

In effecting a settlement, those Scotch people to whom I have alluded, were not seldom driven to extremity for food. At times they were driven to the prairies to depend, like Indians, on wild meat. A small party, who had left their families with scanty supply, had gone out on a Winter buffalo hunt along the Pembina Mountains. After eating sparingly of their last morsel, they gave the remainder to their faithful train dogs. Before retiring to rest under the lea of their toboggans, with their dogs crouched about them in the snow, they held a prayer meeting to ask Him for food who had fed Israel with manna. I can imagine how near the tears of things that old hymn, dear to every Scottish heart that has not departed from the traditions of its fathers, must have been as they sang it:—

"O God of Bethel, by whose hand
 Thy people still are fed;
 Who through this weary pilgrimage
 Hast all our fathers led.
 Through each perplexing path of life
 Our wandering footsteps guide;
 Give us this day our daily bread,
 And raiment fit provide."

When they awoke in the morning a herd of buffalo was seen in the valley below. But it was the Sabbath. They held another prayer meeting for guidance, arising with the conviction that the Lord of the Sabbath would consider their necessities. One of the number—an elder—was chosen to make the shot. He approached the herd without dif-

ficulty, shot one, and although the others lingered for a time, as they sometimes would when bewildered, he would not shoot again, holding himself justified in taking on the Lord's Day only what was necessary.

You call that a hard, canting, unbeautiful type of religion? I call that the very *poetry* of it; and the man who cannot see it does not know a lyric of the soul when he meets it, and is past praying for. (Applause.)

Such are some of the elements of that rare mixture—the Scotch-Irish character. He is a blend. He is a *resultant* arising from two forces moving at different angles. Is he Scotch? No. Is he Irish? No. Neither too taciturn nor too vivacious; neither dead champagne nor soda water; not brilliantly witty, yet with all his wits; neither bannock nor ginger-bread; thoughtful, yet with a fine gift of expression; not tenacious to pig-headedness or dashing without staying powers; with a governor to preserve an equable rate of speed between Scotch parsimoniousness and Irish prodigality, cast in the happy medium between a religion as prose and a religion as poetry—neither too dour nor too sentimental—the Scotch-Irishman is neither Scotch nor Irish; *he is both without being either—just right.* (Applause.)

The wonder to me is that these two currents could mix at all, for really there has never been great love between a Scotchman and an Irishman.

A Scotch minister, on the first Sabbath morning of his Canadian pastorate, delivered himself of the following prayer:

“Lord, we appear in Thy presence this morning to offer our petition, and likewise our complaint. When we cam' tae Canady we expected tae find a land flowing in milk and honey; but instead o' that, we found a land peopled wi' Irish. Lord, drive them tae th' uttermost pairts of Canady; mak' them a' hewers o' wood and drawers o' water; dinna mak' them magistrates, or members o' parliament, or rulers o' Thy people. But if ye ha' ony emoluments or ony guid land tae gie awa', dinna gi'e it tae they ungodly Irish, but gi'e it tae Thy ain chosen people, the Scotch. And Thine will be a' the glory.” (Laughter.)

But they *did* mix into the Scotch-Irish, to the benefit of *both* and to the *world*.

Few things so impress the imagination as the chemical feat of obtaining out of two separable elements a new product unlike the properties of its progenitors. By mixing the combining equivalents of chlorine with sodium, we see these two elements disappear, and a third, known as common salt, take their place. This new element *depends* upon its original ingredients for what it is; nevertheless, it is *different* from both.

There is a chemistry of *souls*, with its law of combining proportions and consequent disappearances and transformations. Of this the Scotch-Irish are a notable illustration. The chlorine of the Scottish character and the sodium of the Irish mixed; and out of them came a character unlike either, yet depending upon both—a “creature not too bright or good for human nature’s daily food;” nevertheless, what nobody will deny, *the very salt of the earth*. (Applause.)

Why, how could it be otherwise? Incubated in Scotland, brooded in Ireland, sent over to America to scratch and feed and crow (laughter); Scotland for mother, Irish nurse, America for a bride; or, to adapt the figure to a genuinely Scotch-Irish taste, distilled in Scotland (laughter), decanted in Ireland (laughter), uncorked in America (laughter and applause), how could there issue any other than a something to make

“the world grow pale,
To point a moral or adorn a tale”? (Laughter.)

I said the Scotch-Irishman is a blend. But I understand blends are no longer allowed on the market unless labeled descriptive of the contents.

By every inheritance of blood and deed, we Scotch-Irish are the best labeled people yet discovered—we are all agreed upon that—but if the label on us of our distinguished ancestry, of those who discovered this blend, be not *truly descriptive* of similar virtues *within us*, we are illicit goods—we might as well be Hollanders or New England Puritans, and say nothing about it.

Anybody can *inherit*—that requires no genius—but not all

are ready to transmit inheritance with interest. There are a great many things in *this* generation to be done if the next generation is to venerate *our* memory as we venerate our fathers. The virtues and deeds that made the fathers illustrious in our eyes, if reproduced in us, would appear just as illustrious to the eyes of our successors. The people of the next generation will take their measure of Scotch-Irish virility, intelligence, integrity somewhat from us. God forbid, that in order to laud it or test what it can do, they have to skip *us*, or, to get inspiration, tap the line farther back.

An inquisitive individual once questioned Dumas, the novelist, on his ancestry.

“I understand, Mr. Dumas, you are a quadroon?”

“I am, sir,” he replied.

“And your father?”

“He was a mulatto, sir.”

“And his father?”

“He was a negro, sir,” with considerable emphasis.

“And his father?”

“He was an ape, sir. He was an ape,” thundered the thoroughly aroused genius; “and it is easy to see that my ancestry began where yours left off.”

In an age like this, that is getting more and more particular whom it will allow to do its work; an age that expects every man to vote; an age demanding not only ability, but *reliability*, it is the thing that ancestry *ends* in that matters. Your pedigreed horse that can’t or won’t trot, gets sold cheap. This world glories in the reputation of the dead, but it demands the virtues of the living; it needs the deeds of living Scotch-Irishmen. It *is* ours to perpetuate the memory of the fathers, but it *is* ours, too, to *safeguard* their bequeathed estate, as a fiduciary deposit, this beloved land of our birth or our adoption. The obligation of nobility has not fled; it is with us always.

The Athenians met yearly in the open place; then on a platform, in sight of all, the aged mounted and recited to the crowd the words:—

“We have been in days of old,
Wise and generous, brave and bold.”

Then the *middle*-aged mounted and said:—

“ What in days of old ye were,
We at this present moment are.”

Then the youth mounted and recited:—

“Hereafter, at our country’s call,
We promise to outdo you all.”

Gentlemen, we are saying here to-night to the fathers, “ You subdued kingdoms, you wrought righteousness, you turned to flight the armies of the aliens, you stopped the mouths of lions”—at least, the British lion.

If we emulate their qualities, stand for the ascent of the Scotch-Irish rather than for their descent, fill in the outline drawn by our fathers, those frontiersmen of settlement, of education, of religion, apply ourselves to the social and national problems of to-day as they did to theirs, with their fearlessness of mind, their pride of country, their unselfishness of heart, will those who come after us stand in our place to extol us, as we stand to-night in the place of the fathers extolling them, and pledging that dear old flag, exclaim:—

“Hereafter, at our country’s call,
We promise to outdo you all.”

No, sirs; it is not the *name* of the gentleman that makes a Scotch-Irishman; it is the *stuff* that is in him; what he does to jog this world along; not where he *came from*, but where he is *going*. (Applause.)

The President:—

There was a time, gentlemen, in this country, and particularly in this portion of it, when the Scotch-Irish and the Quakers were neither very neighborly nor very friendly. That day, happily, has passed. I think they can now lie down together without one being inside of the other.

We have with us a distinguished Quaker, well known to you all, but, as I understand, he has a slight trace of Scotch-Irish, too. We will be pleased to hear from the gentleman. I am pleased to introduce to you Dr. Isaac Sharpless, President of Haverford College. (Applause.)

Dr. Isaac Sharpless:—

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—For a Quaker to adventure himself into a company of Scotch-Irishmen might have seemed to some of our ancestors a physical and moral risk. The scores of a hundred and fifty years may not seem to have been all settled. The Quakers were in power at that time, and the Scotch-Irish wanted to be, and neither could forgive the other for this state of affairs. These two bodies were certainly not in sympathy with each other, and those of us who have the blood of both sects in our veins may explain our varying moods by the ascendancy first of one and then of the other. When we feel especially pugnacious and dogmatic it is probably the bacteria of Calvinism in control, while our milder and more tolerant moods may be explained by the antitoxin of Quakerism reasserting itself.

These disturbers of the peace of Pennsylvania were extreme Protestants from England and Scotland, who had been subjected for a century to the softening influences of Irish civilization. Their Presbyterianism being in danger from the encroachments of the Established Church, and their leases running out, they heard of America and emigrated in great numbers to the frontiers of the settlements, making a fringe to all the colonies from New York to Georgia. Pennsylvania got more than her share and would have been glad to get rid of them. They could not, however, hang them as they themselves were treated in New England, for Penn had in some sort of way invited them here when he said, “I would found a free colony for all mankind who wish to come hither.” (Applause.) It seemed pretty evident that they were a part of mankind, and it was very certain that they had come hither. In Quaker fashion, however, they did all they could to suggest that they should stay away. So James Logan said, “It is strange that they crowd in where they are not wanted. The fear is that if they continue to come they will make themselves proprietors of the Province. The Indians are much excited, for the Irish are very rough to them.” Yet I do not know that a single Scotch-Irishman took this palpable hint. Then someone else asked the question, “Would an

honest man rather have a Presbyterian or a Quaker for his neighbor?" Of course, there could be but one answer to this question, and yet the Presbyterians insisted upon coming into the neighborhood, and not only so, but they made the unreasonable proposition that the Quakers should go away. They were not like the Germans, content to fall in with the prevailing order quietly. In almost all respects they were the antipodes of the founders of the Province. On the one side was a religion which proclaimed a universal chance for salvation; on the other was one which announced hope only for the elect. On the one side was a morality which depended mainly on appeals to conscience and reason and peaceful methods of settling disputes; on the other was a militancy of character and conduct which regarded the Quaker treatment of the Indians as weak and contemptible and intended to force its way without regard to white man's legislation or red man's rights. On the one side was a conservatism which was the result of several decades of established order in a safe corner of the Province; on the other were fresh homes in the dark wilderness with hostile Indians around.

There could not fail to be a clash of a serious sort whenever conditions were ripe for it. The cause was sure to result from Indian conditions, but the special agency in producing the most intense feeling was the Paxton riot and the resulting pamphlet warfare that followed. The Paxton Boys, after murdering a tribe of Conestoga Indians in Lancaster County, had marched down to Philadelphia to perform the same service to another tribe of Indians Christianized by the Moravians, and to those who defended them. But the rising of the inhabitants of the city checked their purpose and they contented themselves with presenting certain political grievances which were to a large extent reasonable. In the defensive operations a number of young Quakers had a prominent part, and the large meeting house at Second and Market Streets was opened to house the defenders in the February storm. This was in 1764. Almost immediately the great pamphlet war followed. Presbyterian and Quaker met in the lists with a vigor and pointedness seldom seen. The politics and the religious beliefs of both parties were dis-

sected with a keenness interesting to us in these quieter days, but inexpressibly exciting at the time. Franklin, though not in sympathy with the Friends on matters of general warfare, saw that the peace and good name of the Province were necessarily associated with the condemnation of lawless proceedings, and his "Narrative" was read with great pleasure by the residents of Chestnut, Market, and Arch Streets. A Presbyterian of high standing, whose name I do not know, while not exactly defending massacres, placed the case of the Paxton Boys as strongly as possible in a book called "The Quaker Unmasked." In reply to this some doughty member of the opposite party wrote "The Delin-eated Presbyterian Played Hob With." The one side claimed that "Quaker politics and the Quaker faction have involved this Province in almost all the contentions and all the miseries with which we are troubled," and in return, it was asked, "Was it not the Presbyterians that murdered the Indians at Lancaster? Was it not the Presbyterians that came down with the intent to murder the Indians in the barracks? Was not the author of 'The Quaker Unmasked' one of their esteemed ministers? In fine, I think the Presbyterians have been the authors and abettors of all the mischief that has happened to us as a people." And finally he asks triumphantly, "Would an honest man rather have a Quaker or a Presbyterian for his neighbor?" In the annals both of ancient and modern history Presbyterianism and rebellion are true sisters. Whenever this righteous people have power in their hands they will tolerate no other profession or opinion. Witness Scotland and New England, was a bitter thrust of one pamphleteer who was defending the free institutions of the Province. The hypocrisy of the Quakers in departing from their professed peaceable principles was greatly amplified, and someone whose feelings were too strong for press, wrote in bitter irony:—

"The Paxton Boys are coming down
 To kill us all and burn the town.
 To arms! to arms! with one accord—
 The sword of Quakers and the Lord!
 Let no one stand with hands in pocket;
 Each meeting door —quick, quick, unlock it!
 Be all our forces thither led,
 With beating drums and colors spread."

One writer intimated that the Quakers were willing that the Presbyterians should be killed, because they might get into the Assembly, while the Indians were protected because they had official rights (laughter); and the charge is perhaps justified, if it is true, as stated by another pamphleteer, that a Quaker member of the Assembly had called the Paxton Boys "a pack of insignificant Scotchmen, who, if they were all killed, could well enough be spared." The impossibility of governing the Province on consistent Quaker lines was loudly declared, and the author of "The Quaker Unmasked" asserted that "to govern is absolutely repugnant to the avowed principles of Quakerism," to which the reply was made, "To be governed is absolutely repugnant to the avowed principles of Presbyterianism." (Laughter.) "The title of your book 'Plain Truth,'" says another plain-spoken advocate of existing order, "is a deep deception. I have examined it and find no less than 17 positive Lyes and 10 false insinuations. You wrote it in a truly Pious Lying Presbyterian Spirit." These kindly amenities of controversy were kept up for some time, and the feeling was intense up to the Revolutionary War. Then the Presbyterians had their innings and the Quakers fell out entirely.

The two principles which the Quaker settlers had most at heart and which went to make up Penn's "holy experiment" (as he called it) were religious liberty and peace. They both were truly experiments.

In the matter of religious liberty there had been nothing of the kind ever tried except on a small scale in Rhode Island and for a time in Maryland; but Penn announced that he would have it in Pennsylvania and take all the risks. So he placed in the beginning of every one of his charters a broad and comprehensive statement granting to all people who behaved themselves religious equality in civil matters and entire freedom from molestation. The experiment succeeded almost from the start and in a short time it came to be a treasured feature of the institutions of the Province. It brought abounding material prosperity; it quickened emigration; the inhabitants of the ravished Rhine valley, the badly-treated tenants of Ulster, the persecuted of all climes came

over in unprecedented numbers. They created wealth and comfort and the political conditions that attach to the thriving state. It brought also freedom of thought and the encouragement of scientific effort, so that just before and just after the Revolutionary War a company of scientific men unmatched elsewhere in America and possibly in Europe was found in Philadelphia. This condition could not exist under dogmatism, but the free academic spirit of the Province alone made it possible. Religious liberty ceased to be an experiment, and by the time the federal constitution was written all the colonies were willing to adopt it as a fundamental American basis of government. (Applause.)

The Pennsylvania settlers had equally at heart the principle of peace, and here they had a far more difficult question to face. Peace has had no such triumphal career as religious liberty, and yet in the face of all the movements of recent times—the Hague Conference, the development of international law, the industrial demands for peace coming up from the boards of trade and labor organizations of many countries—it does not require a very profound prophet to assert that it also will some day triumph. There is going on a constant change in public opinion in this direction, and as the world gets older and wiser one finds that the appeals to force have less and less power and the appeals to reason and right more and more. Since President Roosevelt has received the Nobel Prize for his efforts in the cause of peace almost anything would seem likely to happen (laughter); and yet from reading his messages, it does not seem probable that he has yet adopted the Pennsylvania idea. That was something like this: "We will behave justly and generously to every man, red or white; we will never attack the rights of anyone. In case of dispute we will, therefore, always be in the right; and if attacked we will not yield one iota of our rights, no matter how much we may have to suffer. We will not use bad means even to accomplish a good end; but, having thus done our duty, we will trust that that Divine Providence which is a factor in the affairs of men will protect us." This is a hard lesson to learn, but it must be remembered that for two or three generations Pennsylvania

did practice it. There were no forts or guns or trained soldiers or martial spirit, and it failed finally as the result of a departure from the principles by the recreant sons of William Penn.

I do not know that toleration or peace is essentially a Scotch-Irish virtue; but there were other matters upon which the two bodies could unite.

The Friends had done much to abolish slavery, so that by the end of the Revolutionary War there were not over 3,000 slaves left in Pennsylvania as against 100,000 in Maryland and 20,000 in New York. It was, however, a typical Scotch-Irishman, George Bryan, who drew up the first abolition measure of America, and afterwards, as President of the Supreme Executive Council, had the opportunity to sign it and make it a law. In writing to John Adams, he says: "Our bill astonishes and pleases the Quakers. They looked for no such benevolent result of our new government founded by Presbyterians." A runaway slave was equally safe among the Quaker households of the southeastern counties or the homes of the vigorous Presbyterians of western Pennsylvania.

Again in matters of education they had much to unite them. In Philadelphia Penn undertook to establish a general school system, which grew from time to time by the addition of branches, some for the rich and some for the poor, some for girls and some for boys, and which continued until the time of the public school system of the State, when they were merged into the Penn Charter School. In the Quaker country districts every meeting house had its school house which was open to all the neighborhood; so that in time it became almost impossible to find an illiterate Quaker. The Presbyterians, however, took different ground on the subject of higher education, the effect of which has been very marked. The incentive which founded Harvard and Yale and Princeton was the necessity of educating ministers. To the Quaker mind, while this might be desirable, it was unnecessary, and so there was no Quaker college founded in colonial times. This Presbyterian necessity gave them an educated leader to work out all problems of Church and State in every community, and while the common people were often uncouth

and ignorant, the existence of such leaders gave the sect a distinct advantage. As Napoleon says, "An army of lambs led by a lion is more effective than an army of lions led by a lamb," and while it would be something of a stretch of veracity to call these Scotch-Irishmen "lambs," we might paraphrase the statement into this: that an army of comparatively ignorant men led by a few educated leaders is more effective than an army of moderate education with no leaders above their own rank. It is this irresistible demand for trained leadership which, it seems to me, is the most valuable and influential contribution of the Scotch-Irish to our civilization. (Applause.)

The President:—

The next gentleman I shall present to you is one well known to you all. He is a genuine Scotch-Irishman and won his spurs both abroad and at home. He will speak to us upon a theme of interest to all—"Francis Makemie, the Scotch-Irish founder of a great Church." I now have the great pleasure of introducing to you the Rev. Dr. John H. Munro. (Applause.)

Rev. John H. Munro, D.D.:—

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY:—I am here simply to take the place of Dr. McCook, who, owing to illness, is unable to be present.

Francis Makemie, by whose efforts the first Presbytery was organized in Philadelphia in the year 1706, merits the honorable remembrance not only of the great Presbyterian Church, but of the Scotch-Irish to whose race he belonged and of which he was one of the noblest sons. He was born near Ramelton, in the County of Donegal, Ireland, about A. D. 1658, but the exact date of his birth is not known. Tradition still points out the site of his father's house, which stood on the western shore of the picturesque Lough Swilly. He belonged to the sturdy farmer class who have given so many of their sons to the ministry and the public service of Great Britain.

His parents provided him with the best education then available, no doubt with the pious hope that he would become a minister of the Gospel. He tells us that he was converted to Christ when he was fifteen years of age through the tender instructions and personal influence of a godly schoolmaster. He also says that his religious life was not a piece of external profession, but was a deep and vital experience of the power of Christianity. It was probably at this time that he dedicated himself to the Christian ministry and kindled a flame of gratitude and praise in the hearts of his parents.

In the year 1675 Makemie was enrolled a student in the University of Glasgow as "Franciscus Makemius, Scoto-Hyburnus." This last term shows that the words Scotch-Irish are not an invention of recent times, but were classic two hundred years ago. Trinity College had already been established in Dublin by Queen Elizabeth and was designed to give a liberal education to all classes of the people irrespective of their religious faith. The first Provost had been a Presbyterian minister, but under the Stuart monarchs the Anglican Church gained complete control of the college and began to persecute dissenters. A Presbyterian could no longer obtain a degree, and Irish students who desired to study for the Presbyterian ministry usually went to the University of Glasgow. After five years spent at Glasgow in the study of letters and theology, Makemie appeared before the Presbytery of Laggan on July 20th, 1680, and was taken under its care as a candidate for the ministry of the Gospel. This Presbytery, which covered the territory now occupied by seven Presbyteries in the northern counties of Ulster, had passed very stringent rules with regard to the mental and spiritual qualifications of candidates. Young Makemie was placed under the special oversight of two ministers, who reported most favorably both as to his scholarship and his fitness for the high office which he sought. On the 25th of May, 1681, he gave in his homily, and his final theses and disputes were assigned to him with the view of his being licensed to preach. For eight years after this date there are no minutes inserted in the book of the Presbytery which is preserved in Magee College, Londonderry. The

reason is plain. Persecution, which had slept for awhile, once more raised its cruel hand against all ministers. At a private meeting, the Presbytery of Laggan ordered a fast; and William Trail, the able and accomplished clerk of Presbytery, and four other ministers were tried and imprisoned for three-quarters of a year for obeying the order of Presbytery. Makemie preached at Burt on April 2d, 1682, and as no man was allowed to preach without having been formally licensed, it is probable that he was licensed at a meeting held in the Autumn of 1681, and was ordained in 1682, to go to America. There is no greater evidence of the unflinching courage, which was one of the conspicuous elements of his character, than his becoming a Presbyterian minister in those perilous times. Four ministers—one of them being his own pastor—had some years before been imprisoned for six years for refusing to conform to the English Church. While in Scotland he knew of the "killing times" through which the Covenanters were passing for their loyalty to Christ's crown and covenant. Aware that he stood in danger of fine and imprisonment and perhaps of banishment, he dared to be ordained as a Presbyterian minister and preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

It was natural that Makemie should travel across the sea to make his first appearance at Rehoboth on the Eastern shore of Maryland. Colonel William Stevens, of English descent, the most influential man in those parts and afterward Lieutenant Governor, had sent a letter to the Presbytery of Laggan asking for a supply of ministers. From the bounds of that Presbytery numbers of families had emigrated to Maryland, Virginia, and the Carolinas to escape the severity of religious persecution. Rev. William Trail, the clerk of the Presbytery, a Scotchman, an able and accomplished man, learned and gifted with a sunny humor, had emigrated and settled at Rehoboth. We can imagine the welcome extended by Stevens and Trail to the young Irishman, of whose ability and zeal they had full knowledge. His portrait and that of his wife were destroyed by fire, but he is described as good looking, with a broad forehead crowned with brown locks, a fair complexion, and clear blue eyes.

Makemie, however, did not stay long with his hospitable friends at Rehoboth, but crossed to the mainland to minister to the spiritual needs of the scattered Colonists. He spent some months at Elizabeth River, where a congregation had recently been deprived by death of their Irish minister. It was his main work to wander through Maryland and Virginia as an evangelist, preaching to gatherings of Presbyterians and Independents. He rode on horseback, and was often armed with pistols against the attacks of wolves and bears, or of a hostile band of Indians. He refused to stipulate for any fixed salary from the poor people; he often refused to take the money they offered him, and, unable to purchase books, he borrowed needed volumes from ministers at Boston. Tobacco and pork were the *media* of exchange; taxes, bills, and ministers' salaries were usually paid in tobacco, and money was scarce. When dissenters were taxed forty pounds of tobacco a year to pay the Anglican Clergy, they took care to furnish the vilest quality of the fragrant weed. The incessant labors and godly zeal of Makemie were rewarded by his becoming the most influential and beloved of ministers. His sermons were marked by careful preparation, solid argument, and a constant appeal to scripture to enforce their doctrine. He applied the Gospel to the daily life of the people and assailed popular sins as well as exhorted all to lead a righteous life. He often indulged in strokes of humor and cutting irony, which is often the most resistless argument. His journeys through the country made him acquainted with the religious condition of the people and led him to ponder the necessity of an organized Presbyterianism to strengthen and perpetuate the Church.

A new era of Makemie's life began when, in the Spring of 1690, he made his abode at Matchatank, Accomack County, on the Eastern shore of Virginia a short distance south of Maryland. William Trail returned to Scotland after the accession of King William III, the passing of the act of Toleration, and the restoration of the Church of Scotland to its former legal position. It was probably to supply his place, as well as to further his own fortunes, that Makemie resolved to make the Eastern shore his permanent home. He acquired from the County Court the grant of four hundred

and fifty acres of land south of the Onankok River, to which he afterwards added three hundred and fifty acres more. In the year 1691, at an unknown date, he was married to Naomi, the oldest daughter of William Anderson, a prosperous man who owned a large plantation on the north bank of the same river. Makemie was now engaged in business as a farmer and in the West India trade, not, however, relaxing his devotion the ministry of the Gospel. He owned a sloop, which carried wheat, barley, and tobacco to the Barbadoes and brought back such commodities as sugar, molasses and cloth. Intent on securing his rights, he won a suit in the County Court against a man who had swindled him by giving forty-nine and one half bushels of inferior wheat for a barrel of good molasses. While trading and preaching Makemie impressed upon the Colonists the necessity of industry to develop the resources of the province. He pointed out how the oysters and fish which abounded in Chesapeake Bay could easily be turned into sources of wealth. He urged the wisdom of planting a variety of crops instead of depending too exclusively on the cultivation of tobacco. He lamented the backward state of learning, and declared that without education the older families would be displaced by better educated newcomers. He was able to support himself, and he became a broad minded, successful man who labored for the material as well as the spiritual advancement of the people.

Makemie now became an author and published a catechism, which he simplified more than once to suit the capacities of "the younger ones." It is worthy of note that the first literary production issued on the Eastern shore was this religious tract; and that American literature as a whole had its birth on the shores of the Chesapeake in the historical books dealing with the early history of Virginia and Maryland.

The publication of this catechism led Makemie into his great controversy with Keith, a Quaker, of whom we shall hear again. The Quakers and the Episcopalians were ceaseless in their efforts to convert the Presbyterians and Independents into their way of thinking—the Quakers using

persuasion, and the Episcopilians adding to persuasion a judicious amount of persecution. Keith visited the Eastern shore, where he was the guest of Makemie, and while advancing his own principles, attacked the orthodox doctrines. Makemie declined to engage in public debate with Keith as an unprofitable thing, but challenged him to reply in print to the catechism. This Keith did, and his arraignment of the catechism was severe. Makemie replied to what he called "Keith's Libel," and then the controversy came to an end. In his reply Makemie gives important information as to his career, his religious life, and the mode in which he conducted his ministry.

Makemie visited Philadelphia in August, 1692, and was the first Presbyterian minister to preach a sermon in our city. He corresponded with Boston ministers in order to secure preachers for the neglected fields in the Middle States. The care of all the churches rested on his shoulders.

About this time Makemie went to the Barbadoes, where he lived several years, engaging in trade and at the same time strictly performing his sacred duties as pastor of a church. He was no doubt influenced in part by the fact that before he left Ireland the Presbytery of Laggan had received a request to send a minister to the Barbadoes. He left with his wife and a trusted friend a power of attorney, giving them authority to act in his behalf. The business ability of his wife enabled him to wander about with a free mind. In common with her associates she carried to a successful issue suits at law against creditors who had refused to pay their notes. On reaching the Barbadoes, Makemie obtained a license to preach, which afterwards proved of the greatest value to him. He was first required to sign the Articles of the Church of England, with some exceptions, which were allowed. He wrote an elaborate tract called "Truths in a true light," which was printed in Edinburgh in the year 1699. This tract throws light on the nature of his labors and the tolerant spirit toward other churches by which he was actuated. He defends dissenters from the common odium of being disloyal subjects of the British crown. He argues that, holding the reformed faith

they ought to be reckoned as the best members of the English Church. He exhorts Christians of the various Churches, who hold essentially the same doctrine, to live in harmony with one another.

Two letters addressed by Makemie to Rev. Cotton Mather, of Boston, have been preserved. He defends the Barbadoes against the current rumor that the climate was pestiferous and unhealthy. He says that he had been prevented from returning home—"from going off for my health and for want of supply." He was able to return to Virginia in the Spring of 1698 and in the Fall of that year, William Anderson, his father-in-law, died, and left the Makemies much valuable property. Anderson had a high regard for Makemie's business aptitude, and such affection for him that he called him "son Makemie." He devised to him and his wife not only one thousand acres of land at Matchatank, but also his favorite estate at Pocomoke, on the border of Maryland, which they now made their residence. Shortly afterwards Edmund Custis, connected with the family into which Washington married, died, and his will appointed Makemie the executor of his estate and the guardian of his children. The management of these estates and the incessant annoyances to which he was exposed by Madame Hile, the grandmother of these children, involved Makemie in many lawsuits. Makemie was frequently made a trustee. He often acted as his own attorney, and these experiences, as well as his acquaintance with the statutes relating to ecclesiastical matters gave him a sound knowledge of law, which proved invaluable in future controversies. His increasing wealth enabled him to furnish his library with English, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and law books till it contained over eight hundred choice volumes. In his will he left a considerable portion of these books to Rev. Jedediah Andrews, of Philadelphia, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, and to his successors, provided they should be either Presbyterians or Independents. Makemie, however, never allowed his business engagements to interfere with the duties of the ministry, to which he had dedicated his life. On the production of his license to preach at the Barbadoes, the

Accomack County Court (August 15th, 1699) licensed him to preach "at his own house in Pocomoke, near the Maryland line, and at Onancock, five miles from Drumondton, or at the house next to Jonathan Leveseys. The churches at Rehoboth, Pitts Creek, Monokin and Snow Hill, Maryland, and others were soon organized, and Makemie acted as their pastor for several years.

We now approach the greatest achievement of Makemie's life; namely, the organization of the first Presbytery in Philadelphia. At the opening of the eighteenth century there existed the closest union and sympathy between the Puritans and the Presbyterians of every nationality. Certain events, however, took place which convinced Makemie that without an organized government their cause would be lost in the Middle States. The English Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and the Society for the Promotion of Christian knowledge had sent over ministers and money, and literature to gain the people for the Anglican Church. The Governor of the Colonies, the military officers and the chaplains became aggressive champions of Episcopacy. While Dr. Bray in Maryland, Thomas Clayton in Philadelphia, and Mr. Marshall in South Carolina, were active agents of the Anglican Church, the ablest and most efficient of the ministers was George Keith. Keith was a Scotchman and originally a Presbyterian. He became a Quaker and went to Philadelphia, and afterwards wandered over the Colonies as an enthusiastic advocate of Quaker principles. He caused a division among the Quakers by asserting that Christ without the soul was a religious authority as well as Christ in the soul, and advocating other evangelical doctrines.

After a bitter controversy he swept the majority of his followers into the Episcopal Church, and went to England to receive ordination at the hands of the Bishop of London. Returning to America, he travelled from New Hampshire to the Carolinas, from 1702 to 1704, and with the hot zeal of a convert pressed the Episcopal system on the people. The civil and military authorities backed his efforts with all the influence and power at their command. In Maryland, once the home of religious liberty, the efforts to crush all dissent

became constant and unscrupulous. Makemie saw that serious efforts must be made to protect the existence and rights of dissenters. He sailed to England, and secured the aid of the Presbyterian Missionary Societies to counteract the strenuous activities of the Episcopal Societies. The London ministers promised to support two ministers for two years, and John Hampton of Ireland and George McNish, a Scotchman, returned with Makemie to Pocomoke.

The application of these two ministers for license to preach, under the terms of the Toleration Act, was met in court by an opposing petition from the Episcopal vestry. The majority of the magistrates sympathized with the opposition, and twice refused the license; but referred the matter to the governor. A petition to the governor, in which the skillful hand of Makemie is detected, was rewarded in June 1706 by an order from the Governor and Council which compelled the court to issue the license, and these two men rendered splendid service to the cause of religion and freedom of conscience.

In the meantime Makemie had been holding a correspondence with Presbyterian and Congregational ministers, with the view of organizing a Presbytery, that strength and religious efficiency might be developed by ecclesiastical union. Makemie wrote to New England, "that the grand design of the Presbytery was to consult the most proper measures for advancing religion and propagating Christianity." In the Spring of 1706 seven ministers met in Philadelphia where religious liberty reigned and formed the first Presbytery that was organized on American soil. The book containing the minutes of Presbytery is now in the rooms of the Presbyterian Historical Society, but the page recording the organization of the body has been lost. The names of the first Presbyters were indicative of the broad, many-sided character which was to distinguish American Presbyterianism. From Maryland came Makemie and Hampton, Irishmen, and McNish, a Scotchman; Delaware furnished Wilson, a New England man and Davis probably a Welshman. Pennsylvania was represented by Andrews from New England, whose congregation in Philadelphia contained representatives

of many Evangelical Churches. Elders were always present after the first meeting, and ministers from New York, New Jersey, and Long Island connected themselves with the Presbytery. The first Presbytery, which had no local name, is properly called the General Presbytery and was independent of any foreign ecclesiastical body. Its growth was gradual, it perfected its organization as occasion required, and it succeeded nobly in its aim of preserving the Presbyterian Church and propagating the Gospel.

Makemie, still anxious about the welfare of the Church, resolved to travel to New England in January 1707, to secure a much needed supply of ministers to preach the word of life to the rapidly increasing population. Accompanied by Hampton, he landed at New York and was subjected to the severest persecution of his life and gained one of the greatest victories for religious freedom. Governor Cornbury, the cousin of Queen Anne, dissolute, imperious, and with an itching palm, was engaged in a struggle to crush all dissenters. He invited Makemie to dine with him, but Makemie provoked his intolerance by not asking a license to preach. He forbade Makemie to preach in the Dutch church, but the undaunted minister preached in a private house, the doors and windows being open so that the service might be public. During the following week Makemie joined Hampton in Long Island, where both were arrested by the sheriff acting under a warrant from Cornbury. The trial before the Governor was one of the most dramatic scenes and is worthy of being read as it is reported in our histories. Cornbury took the ground that he had private instructions and, notwithstanding the act of Toleration, the ministers had no right to preach without his special license.

Gillett gives the following account of the scene: "Makemie referred him to the Toleration Act of King William in 1689, asserting that it was not a limited or local act, and he also adduced his certificates of license from courts of record in Maryland and Virginia. Worsted in the argument, Cornbury appealed to the act of Parliament directed, as he said, against *strolling preachers*, and told Makemie and Hampton that they were such. 'There is not one word, my

lord,' said Makemie, 'mentioned in any part of the law, against *travelling or strolling preachers*.' To this the Governor could only reply, 'You shall not spread your pernicious doctrines here.' Makemie told him that the doctrines he taught were found in 'our confession of faith,' and challenged all the clergy of New York to show anything false or pernicious in them, adding that he could make it appear that they were agreeable to the established doctrines of the Church of England. 'But these Articles,' replied the Governor, 'you have not signed.' 'As to the *Articles of Religion*,' said Makemie, 'I have a copy in my pocket, and am ready at all times to sign, *with those exceptions specified in the law*.'

"Upon this, the Governor charged him with preaching in a private house. Makemie replied that his lordship had denied him permission to preach in the Dutch church, and hence he had been necessitated to do as he had done; but he had preached '*in as public a manner as possible, with open doors*'.

"Again Cornbury fell back upon his instructions, declaring none should preach without his license. Makemie replied that the law, and not his instructions, was the rule for him. He could not be guided by what he had never seen and perhaps never should see. 'Promulgation,' said he, 'is the life of the law.' The Governor then demanded that they should give bonds and security for good behavior and not to preach any more under his government. 'For our behavior,' said Makemie, 'though we endeavor to live always so as to keep a conscience void of offense towards God and man, we are willing to give it; but to give bond and security to preach no more under your Excellency's government, if invited and desired by any people, *we neither can nor dare do*.' 'Then you must go to jail,' said the Governor.

"The copy of their commitment was made out. It was illegal in several respects. It was granted and signed by the Governor, and not by any sworn officers appointed and authorized by law. The queen's name or authority was not mentioned in it. No crime was alleged as a ground of commitment, and the direction to the sheriff to keep them safely

was not, '*until they are delivered by due course of law*,' but, '*until further orders.*' For six weeks they lay in prison. At length to the Chief Justice, Roger Mompesson, they made application, and they were released on bail, having to pay heavy costs.

"The case was now brought before the grand jury, and a true bill found against Makemie; for though Hampton was equally an offender, he was dropped from the indictment. The trial came on upon the 4th of June. Makemie had the assistance of four of the ablest lawyers in New York. The iniquity of the prosecution was abundantly shown, and after his attorneys had concluded their arguments, Makemie arose and spoke in his own defense. With great force of argument he vindicated himself from every charge, and showed himself more than a match for the prosecuting attorney. He showed great familiarity with the English laws bearing upon the subject of toleration, and effectually set aside the authority of the Governor's instructions as a rule of law. The jury brought in a verdict of *not guilty*, and solemnly declared that they believed the defendant innocent of any violation of law. Yet in spite of the verdict, and his own plea for moderate charges, the bill of costs which he was forced to pay amounted to more than eighty-three pounds.

"Even after this Makemie was not left unmolested. He narrowly escaped a second prosecution, based, if possible, on even weaker grounds than the first. A strange intolerance pursued him as a chief offender, but the object was to obstruct the preaching of all Presbyterian ministers. The Dutch and other dissenters neither asked nor would receive a license; yet they were not disturbed. But any attempt of Presbyterian ministers to extend their Church was seriously obstructed." (Gillett, vol. I., pp. 13-16.)

It must be said in justice to the Episcopalian laity of New York, who composed only a tenth of the population, that, as a rule, they were largely indifferent to the presence of dissenters; in this regard being actuated by a more tolerant spirit than the Cavaliers of Virginia.

Cornbury was recalled in disgrace after the Colonists had complained by petition concerning his unjust conduct and

unworthy character. This persecution had the excellent effect of cementing the union which existed between the Presbyterians and Independents, to uphold the cause of religious freedom, and the number of their churches increased rapidly. Makemie visited Boston where he preached the New York sermon which was entitled "A Good Conversation." The sermon was printed and copies of it are still in existence, as well as of a remonstrance to Lord Cornbury against his attempting to deprive British subjects of their legal rights and privileges.

Makemie had only another year to live, and we are indebted to tradition and to his will, for any information about his last days. In his will dated March, 1708, he declares that he is aware of his approaching dissolution. The will was probated on August 4th, 1708, in the Court of Accomack County, so that he must have died not long before that date. In the account of executors filed with the will is a charge of £5 to Dr. Barrett for medical attendance, and there is a further charge of £12 to William Coman for his services as undertaker—both of whom it has been shown belonged to families living in that region. It must be inferred that Makemie died at Pocomoke, and according to the custom of the day was laid to rest in the family burial ground near the house.

Makemie in his will divided his property between his wife and two daughters, and a large, valuable property it was. Mrs. Makemie was a rich widow, and as such well-endowed ladies were in great request in those days she was won in marriage by James Kemp, a friend of her husband's, within less than a year after Makemie's death. She survived Mr. Kemp, and the last mention of her occurs in the recording of a survey of land in 1728, when she was sixty years old. Makemie's elder daughter, Elizabeth, died in the same year as her father. His younger daughter, Anne, was married in succession to men named Blair, King, and Holden. She survived her three husbands and during the times of the Revolution was an ardent and enthusiastic patriot. She gave presents of twenty-five acres of land to at least two men for voting "in favor of wise and discreet men who

have proved themselves real friends of American Independence." She died at an extreme old age, sometime between November 15th, 1787, and January 29th, 1788, and as she left no children, the direct line of Makemie became extinct.

Dr. McCook has identified the private burying ground of the Makemie estate, and the evidence which he has collected renders it morally certain that it is the last resting place of Makemie's body. The sacred spot has been desecrated for many years by being occupied by a stable and a stable yard. Dr. McCook has purchased the farm containing the cemetery, and is in treaty for the sale of all the land except three acres in which the cemetery stands. He is appealing to Scotch-Irishmen as well as to Presbyterians for \$6000 to erect a simple granite monument and provide means for its perpetual care.* The following letter has been received from a prominent Episcopalian who was present at the lecture given by Dr. John Watson, ("Ian McLaren") in aid of the Makemie Memorial Fund.

"I was interested in hearing about Francis Makemie. I think the plan for restoring his grave an admirable one and the sooner it is done the better. Perhaps you will forward the enclosed check as our contribution toward this end. When I think of all that the Presbyterian Church has been to the United States and of what it stands for to-day, I am one of those outsiders who feel grateful for it all, and I should like to associate myself with those who are honoring the name of its founder."

- Believe me, most sincerely yours,

ALEXANDER MACKAY-SMITH.

This letter from the Bishop-Coadjutor of the Diocese exhibits a broad-minded spirit which is a notable contrast to the attitude of Episcopal governors and clergymen towards Makemie and his co-presbyters.

* Since this speech was delivered Dr. McCook has succeeded in raising much of the money required, the farm has been sold, the Makemie cemetery has been dedicated and active preparations are being made to erect the monument.

Makemie is worthy of the proposed monument to mark his grave. He possessed the statesmanship which discerned the need of the times and established for his Church an organization which has secured it its present lofty position and religious influence. While successful in business and promoting with clear vision the education and outward welfare of the Colonists, he was above all things a faithful minister of the Gospel; and by his sufferings and triumphant resistance of the tyranny of despotic civil magistrates and intolerant ecclesiastics he helped to win and place on an immovable basis that religious freedom which is the best ally of political liberty and social progress. (Applause.)

The President:—

Just supplementing what Dr. Munro has said, I want to read but a clause or two from the letter of Dr. McCook, who was apprehensive that the matter might be brought before the Society prior to the banquet and the speeches which were to follow:—

“I respectfully suggest and request that an appropriation be made from our surplus funds for the proposed memorial and monument to FRANCIS MAKEMIE, one of the most eminent of the Ulster Scots who figured in our Colonial History. He is recognized as the Chief Founder of the organized Presbyterian Church in America, into whose Communion such a vast majority of Colonial Scotch-Irishmen were enrolled. He was a citizen of broad and wise spirit and practical public actions and councils, and, as is well known by his famous appeal before Lord Cornbury in New York, he was one of the earliest and most eloquent advocates of and sufferers for Religious Liberty in our Colonies. The New England Society has reared a costly monument to the Colonial Pilgrim. Makemie was a friend and correspondent of the great leaders of the New England Puritans, Increase and Cotton Mather, and he as well deserves a monument.”

It is proper, if the Society see fit, that we should take some action upon this at this time.

Mr. John McIlhenny:—

MR. PRESIDENT:—After hearing the address of Dr. Munro, which has enlightened us all on this subject, and at the late hour in the evening, I do not propose to make any remarks of my own, but I wish to put this Society upon record as appreciating the services of that great man, who did so much for civil and religious liberty at the dawning in this country, and who fought such a splendid battle for it. He is entitled to the recognition and gratitude of every man in this country, no matter what faith he believes in, and, without taking your time any further, I would move, sir, that the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society contribute one hundred dollars from its treasury for the purpose of erecting this monument to Francis Makemie that Dr. McCook so much desires, and I think that it would be a fitting compliment to our splendid fellow-citizen, Dr. McCook, to aid him in this great enterprise.

Hon. John Stewart:—

I want to suggest an amendment, that the amount be increased to two hundred dollars, as I understand from the report of the Treasurer the funds will admit of that.

Mr. John McIlhenny:—

I accept the amendment.

The motion, as amended, was seconded and carried unanimously.

Mr. William Righter Fisher:—

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—I will only consume a few moments of the time of the meeting. Since our last annual meeting a very prominent member of this Society has died—President A. J. Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. To many of us he was not only known as a great president of a great railroad system, but as a man of great public spirit, who took a profound personal interest in those things which tended to promote the public welfare of the community in which he lived and in all the things with which he was associated.

I move that the President appoint an appropriate committee to draft a minute commemorative of A. J. Cassatt.

The motion, being seconded, was carried unanimously.

The President:—

Gentlemen, I have nothing to do now, having pronounced my salutatory, but to pronounce the valedictory. These honors are fleeting, as most honors are that you obtain under a democratic form of government. I thank you, gentlemen, for your kindness to me and for the interest you have taken in this occasion, and I now have the great pleasure of introducing to you as your next President, the Rev. Dr. Marcus A. Brownson, a most worthy successor to even the worthiest of his predecessors. (Applause.)

Rev. Marcus A. Brownson:—

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY, particularly the faithful who, with Scotch tenacity and Irish enthusiasm, have held on to the end, I wish to express my profound gratitude for the honor you have conferred upon me by electing me President of this body. On the spur of the moment I say I thank you. I shall hold on to the position and con over it for a year, and a year hence will tell you what I think of it in detail and in language more becoming. I can only promise to make an honest attempt to fill with dignity and with diligence the position in which your good favor has placed me, and I wish for the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society a year of prosperity. (Applause.)

On motion, the meeting adjourned.

In Memoriam.

ALEXANDER JOHNSTON CASSATT.

The death of Alexander Johnston Cassatt, which occurred in the city of Philadelphia on December 28th, 1906, is an event of such grave import not only to this Society, but to the city, State, and the country that the lack of a minute of it in this report would be an unjustifiable omission. The qualities which were the component parts of the character of Mr. Cassatt were so broad, so many-sided, and so significant as to enrich the worth and enhance the usefulness of any organization which was fortunate enough to claim his membership and enlist his co-operation. He was a part of this Association by right of birth, and the splendid heritage of a sturdy ancestry, coupled with his personal virtues of mind and heart and the genius of his brain, made his membership most notable and his loss deplorable.

Mr. Cassatt was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., December 8th, 1839. His father, Robert S. Cassatt, was for a number of years closely identified with the financial and industrial interests of Western Pennsylvania, and was the first mayor of Allegheny City.

After the usual course in the schools, the lad accompanied his father and the family to Europe, where his studies were continued and the young student secured not only a liberal education in foreign languages, but received the advantage of a higher course of study in the University of Darmstadt. Returning to his native land, he was graduated as a civil engineer from Rensselaer Polytechnic College at Troy, N. Y., in 1859, and immediately took up the active work of his life in the construction corps of a railroad in the field. In 1861 he was appointed a rodman on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and from that moment on no year elapsed that did not find him advanced in practical knowledge, experience, and rank. Step by step he progressed through every position, carrying to each new post a mastery of the one relinquished, until after nineteen years of a service distinguished by the most

brilliant work, he attained the post next in rank to the head of the great corporation. Then, at the zenith of his fame and success as a railroad executive, he voluntarily retired from corporate responsibilities to follow the behests of his own inclination, to travel, to enjoy a well-earned ease, to ornament society and to contribute to civic life the benefits of his knowledge, experience, and fortune.

Seventeen years were thus passed when, in June, 1899, the call came to him to take the headship of the great corporation in the development of which he had been such an important instrument, and with the affairs of which he had kept in such close touch throughout his retirement, that he stepped into its highest office supremely equipped to guide it through a perilous situation, and after seven years, to leave it, even with his work unfinished, in the highest state of efficiency, greater in extent, richer in resources, and more powerful in influence than at any period in its history.

The achievement of Mr. Cassatt in those seven short but active years was marvelous. He found railroad conditions not only inert in a constructive sense, but beset with competitive hostilities and undermined by the insidious enemies of corporate integrity—rate-cutting and secret rebates. With unerring foresight he saw an immediate future of unexampled prosperity and uncommon activity for which the railroads of the country were utterly unprepared, and with which they could not cope under existing conditions. Upon his very assumption of office he set his face resolutely against the forces inimical to progress and by his forceful personality ranged his rival contemporaries in the same line of action.

With the aid and co-operation of his most powerful competitors he enunciated and made effective the community of interest plan, which not only accomplished its purpose of relieving the railroads of their encompassing evils, but, by the insurance of certain and increased revenues and the consequent enhancement of corporate credit, gave life and being to an era of railroad expansion and betterment hitherto unexampled in the history of the world.

With the national phase of the railroad situation fixed on lines in harmony with his own, Mr. Cassatt applied himself

to upbuilding and expanding the facilities of the great property whose destinies he guided. The comprehensiveness with which his plans were formed, the vigor which he infused into their execution, and the resulting benefits to city, State, and country are matters of current history too palpable for extended remark. Unfortunately he was called from labor to eternal rest in the very midst of his constructive activity, but his plans were so securely laid, his projects so firmly buttressed in prophetic judgment that they cannot fail of final perfection in the hands of his trained and trusted successors, to his everlasting credit and honor.

When the surge of public sentiment crystallized into legislative action involving the government regulation of railroads, no railroad executive was readier to respond to the quest of advice from the governing powers, and none brought to the solution of the question more intimate knowledge, broader views, nor more patriotic devotion to the rights of the people, as well as the railroad interests which they owned and with the equitable protection of which their prosperity is inseparably linked.

In private life unobtrusive, gracious, gentle, modest almost to the point of shyness; in public life broad in view, far-seeing, able, patriotic; in his life-work the peer of any of his contemporaries, past or present, the salient features of his great and striking personality may well be epitomized in that expressive phrase which combines the virtues of gentleness and courage—*Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re.*

APPENDIX A.

REPORT OF CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN, TREASURER PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY, FOR YEAR ENDING FEBRUARY 1st, 1907.

1906.	DR.	
Balance from preceding year.....	\$532 13	
Membership dues.....	384 00	
Seventeenth Annual Dinner subscriptions and payments.....	795 75	
Interest on deposits.....	14 03	
		<hr/>
		\$1725 91
CR.		
James Brown, carving spoon.....	\$42 50	
Postage and miscellaneous expenses, including Murphy-Parker bill for leather backing on engrossed resolutions.....	24 00	
Speaker's traveling expenses.....	26 00	
Allen, Lane & Scott, printing Seventeenth Annual Report.....	196 21	
George H. Buchanan & Co., printing.....	4 85	
Stenographer, Seventeenth Annual Dinner.....	25 00	
Wm. H. Hoskins Co., engraving invitations.....	14 00	
Bellevue-Stratford Hotel—160 covers at \$3.50..	560 00	
Bellevue-Stratford Hotel—music, decorations, cigars and wines.....	171 00	
Dreka Co., menus and dinner cards.....	40 00	
Dinner subscription returned.....	5 00	
Kimmig Studio—engrossing resolution in regard to Dr. MacIntosh.....	10 00	
C. L. Maisch—engrossing resolution in regard to Judge Henderson.....	10 00	
Clerk's services.....	20 00	
		<hr/>
		\$1148 56
Balance in bank February 1st, 1907.....	577 35	
		<hr/>
		\$1725 91

CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN,
Treasurer.

The above report has been audited and found correct, showing a balance of \$577.35 to the credit of the Society in bank February 1st, 1907.

WILLIAM RIGTER FISHER,
JOHN SCOTT, JR.,

Auditors.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS.

I. NAME.

The name of the Association shall be the "Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society," and it shall constitute the Pennsylvania branch of the Scotch-Irish Society of America.

II. OBJECTS.

The purposes of this Society are the preservation of Scotch-Irish history; the keeping alive the *esprit de corps* of the race; and the promotion of social intercourse and fraternal feeling among its members, now and hereafter.

III. MEMBERSHIP.

1. Any male person of good character, at least twenty-one years of age, residing in the State of Pennsylvania, of Scotch-Irish descent through one or both parents, shall be eligible to membership, and shall become a member by the majority vote of the Society or of its Council, subscribing these articles, and paying an annual fee of two dollars: *Provided*, That all persons whose names were enrolled prior to February 13th, 1890, are members: *And provided further*, That three officers of the National Society, to be named by it, shall be admitted to sit and deliberate with this Society.

2. The Society, by a two-thirds vote of its members present at any regular meeting, may suspend from the privileges of the Society, or remove altogether, any person guilty of gross misconduct.

3. Any member who shall have failed to pay his dues for two consecutive years, without giving reasons satisfactory to the Council, shall, after thirty days' notice of such failure, be dropped from the roll.

IV. ANNUAL MEETING.

1. The annual meeting shall be held at such time and place as shall be determined by the Council. Notice of the same shall be given in the Philadelphia daily papers, and be mailed to each member of the Society.

2. Special meetings may be called by the President or a Vice-President, or, in their absence, by two members of the Council.

V. OFFICERS AND COMMITTEES.

At each annual meeting there shall be elected a President, a First and Second Vice-President, a Treasurer, a Secretary, and twelve Directors, but the same person may be both Secretary and Treasurer.

They shall enter upon office on the 1st of March next succeeding, and shall serve for one year and until their successors are chosen. The officers and Directors, together with the ex-Presidents of the Society, shall constitute the Council. Of the Council there shall be four Standing Committees.

1. On admission; consisting of four Directors, the Secretary, and the First Vice-President.
2. On Finance; consisting of the officers of the Society.
3. On Entertainments; consisting of the Second Vice-President and four Directors.
4. On History and Archives; consisting of four Directors.

VI. DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

1. The President, or in his absence the First Vice-President, or if he too is absent the Second Vice-President, shall preside at all meetings of the Society or the Council. In the absence at any time of all these, then a temporary Chairman shall be chosen.

2. The Secretary shall keep a record of the proceedings of the Society and of the Council.

3. The Treasurer shall have charge of all moneys and securities of the Society; he shall, under the direction of the Finance Committee, pay all its bills, and at the meeting of

said committee next preceding the annual meeting of the Society shall make a full and detailed report.

VII. DUTIES OF COMMITTEES.

1. The Committee on Admission shall consider and report, to the Council or to the Society, upon all names of persons submitted for membership.
2. The Finance Committee shall audit all claims against the Society, and through a sub-committee, shall audit annually the accounts of the Treasurer.
3. The Committee on Entertainments shall, under the direction of the Council, provide for the annual banquet.
4. The Committee on History and Archives shall provide for the collection and preservation of the history and records of the achievements of the Scotch-Irish people of America, and especially of Pennsylvania.

VIII. CHANGES.

The Council may enlarge or diminish the duties and powers of the officers and committees at its pleasure, and fill vacancies occurring during the year by death or resignation.

IX. QUORUM

Fifteen members shall constitute a quorum of the Society; of the Council five members, and of the committees a majority.

X. FEES.

The annual dues shall be two dollars, and shall be payable on February 1st in each year.

XI. BANQUET.

The annual banquet of the Society shall be held on the second Thursday of February, at such time and in such manner, and such other day and place, as shall be determined.

mined by the Council. The costs of the same shall be at the charge of those attending it.

XII. AMENDMENTS.

1. These articles may be altered or amended at any annual meeting of the Society, the proposed amendment having been approved by the Council, and notice of such proposed amendment sent to each member with the notice of the annual meeting.
2. They may also be amended at any meeting of the Society, provided that the alteration shall have been submitted at a previous meeting.
3. No amendment or alteration shall be made without the approval of two-thirds of the members present at the time of their final consideration, and not less than twenty-five voters for such alteration or amendment.

LIST OF MEMBERS.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER Chambersburg, Pa.
HON. WILLIAM H. ARMSTRONG, Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, Philadelphia.
W. J. ARMSTRONG 3709 Baring St.
LOUIS H. AYRES 220 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

D. G. BAIRD 228 South Third St., Philadelphia.
THOMAS E. BAIRD Haverford, Pa.
HON. THOMAS R. BARD United States Senate, Washington, D. C.
JAMES M. BARNETT New Bloomfield, Perry County, Pa.
J. E. BARR 1107 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
ROBERT BEATTY Coral and Adams Sts., Philadelphia.
ROBERT S. BEATTY Buffalo, N. Y.
JOHN CROMWELL BELL 1333 Land Title Building, Philadelphia.
HON. EDWARD W. BIDDLE Carlisle, Pa.
R. T. BLACK Scranton, Pa.
BENJAMIN R. BOGGS Phila. & Reading Ry., Harrisburg, Pa.
REV. J. GRAY BOLTON, D. D. 1906 Pine St., Philadelphia.
SAMUEL BRADBURY Wayne Ave., Germantown, Phila.
SAMUEL R. BROADBENT 3431 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
FRANCIS SHUNK BROWN 815 Stephen Girard Building, Phila.
REV. MARCUS A. BROWNSON, D. D. 215 South Seventeenth St., Phila.
JOHN W. BUCHANAN Beaver, Beaver County, Pa.
CHARLES ELMER BUSHNELL Atlantic Refining Co., The Bourse, Phila.

A. A. CAIRNS, M. D. 1539 Columbia Ave., Philadelphia.
W. J. CALDER 5 South Second St., Harrisburg, Pa.
J. ALBERT CALDWELL 902 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
SETH CALDWELL, JR. 1939 Chestnut St. (Girard Bank, Third
below Chestnut), Philadelphia.
HON. J. DONALD CAMERON U. S. Senate, Washington, D. C.
HON. EDWARD CAMPBELL Uniontown, Fayette County, Pa.
GEORGE CAMPBELL 943 Real Estate Trust Building, Phila.
GEORGE CAMPBELL Union League, Philadelphia.
HON. J. D. CAMPBELL P. & R. Terminal, Philadelphia.
HERBERT M. CARSON Ardmore, Pa.
ROBERT CARSON Huntingdon St. and Trenton Ave., Phila.
WILLIAM G. CARSON 205 South Forty-second St., Philadelphia.
HENRY CARVER Doylestown, Pa.
COL. JOHN CASSELS 1907 F St., Washington, D. C.
REV. WILLIAM CATHCART, D. D.
(Honorary) Hoyt, Montgomery County, Pa.
JOHN H. CHESNUT 1524 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

A. H. CHRISTY	Scranton, Pa.
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